



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600082406Q

280. b. 65



HEROIC IDYLS,

WITH ADDITIONAL POEMS.

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

London:

T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.
1863.


[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

280. b. 65.

P R E F A C E.

He who is within two paces of the **ninetieth year** may sit down and make no excuses; he must be **unpopular**, he never tried to be much otherwise, he never contended with a contemporary, but walked alone on the **far eastern** uplands, meditating and remembering.

To the Idyls a few slight matters **have** been appended, as tassels are to a purse. The Greek proper names have Greek terminations, not Latin, or French, or English.



CORRECT.

Page	29	For Hippomenes, read <i>Hippomanes</i> .
"	47	Last v. ? after <i>smile</i> .
"	58	v. 9 Demeter <i>since</i> have blest.
"	62	v. 10 For Mothras, read <i>Mithras</i> .
"	65	For v. 7, substitute "Somewhat, if indirect, yet applicable."
"	66	v. 1 For and, read <i>who</i> .
"	66	v. After v. 7, <i>Aurelius</i> speaks.
"	68	v. 2 For those, read <i>have</i> .
"	68	Last v. Omit "Lucian!"
"	72	v. 11 For the, read <i>thee</i> .
"	103	v. 2 For dregs, read <i>dugs</i> .
"	115	v. 9 For freezing, read <i>fery</i> .
"	119	v. 8 For the, read <i>their</i> .
"	129	v. 1 For Ceti, read <i>Celi</i> .
"	131	Last v. For Looky, read <i>Zooks!</i>
"	134	Last v. For sweetest, read <i>sweeter</i> .
"	136	v. 4 For price, read <i>pulp</i> .
"	145	v. 7 For dragon, read <i>dragoon</i> .
"	146	v. 11 For place, read <i>pate</i> .
"	156	v. 4 ! after peace.
"	157	v. 5 For fled, read <i>fl'd</i> .
"	184	v. 13 For To, read <i>Two</i> .
"	187	v. 7 For and, read <i>tho'</i> .
"	187	v. 15 For own, read <i>join</i> .
"	192	v. 6 For those, read <i>he</i> .
"	208	v. 16 For Tibullus, read <i>Tibullus</i> .
"	210	v. 5 For valets, read <i>Variets</i> .
"	217	v. 11 For Looks, read <i>Zooks</i> .
"	236	v. 10 For Selon, read <i>Salmi</i> .
"	261	v. 5 For who, read <i>one</i> .
"	273	v. 8 <i>Comma</i> , after <i>love</i> .

HOMER, LAERTES, AGATHA.

HOMER.

Is this Laertes who embraces me
Ere a word spoken? his the hand I grasp?

LAERTES.

Zeus help thee, and restore to thee thy sight,
My guest of old! I am of years as many,
And of calamities, as thou thyself,
I, wretched man! who have outlived my son
Odysseus, him thou knewest in this house,
A stripling fond of quoits and archery,

Thence to be call'd for counsel mid the chiefs
Who storm'd that city past the farther sea,
Built by two Gods, by more than two defended.

HOMER.

Hither I came to visit thee, and sing
His wanderings and his wisdom, tho' my voice
Be not the voice it was ; yet thoughts come up,
And words to thoughts, which others may recite
When I am mute, and deaf as is my grave,
If any grave in any land be mine.

LAERTES.

Men will contend for it in after times,
And cities claim it as the ground whereon
A temple stood, and worshippers yet stand.
Long hast thou travell'd since we met, and far.

HOMER.

I have seen many cities, and the best
And wisest of the men who dwelt therein,
The children and *their* children now adult,

Nor childless they. Some have I chided, some
Would soothe, who, mounted on the higher sod,
Wept as the pebbles tinkled, dropping o'er
A form outstretcht below ; they would not hear
Story of mine, which told them there were fields
Fresher, and brighter skies, but slapping me,
Cried worse, and ran away.

LAERTES.

Here sits aside thee
A child grey-headed who will hear thee out.
Here shalt thou arm my son again, in mail
No enemy, no time, can strip from him,
But first I counsel thee to try the strength
Of my old prisoner in the cave below :
The wine will sparkle at the sight of thee,
If there be any virtue left in it.
Bread there is, fitter for young teeth than ours,
But wine can soften its obduracy.
At hand is honey in the honeycomb,
And melon, and those blushing pouting buds
That fain would hide them under crisped leaves.
Soon the blue dove and particolor'd hen
Shall quit the stable-rafter, caught at roost,

And goat shall miss her suckling in the morn ;
Supper will want them ere the day decline.

HOMER.

So be it : I sing best when hearty cheer
Refreshes me, and hearty friend beside.

LAERTES.

Voyagers, who have heard thee, carried home
Strange stories ; whether all be thy device
I know not : surely thou hadst been afraid
Some God or Goddess would have twitcht thine ear.

HOMER.

They often came about me while I slept,
And brought me dreams, and never lookt morose.
They loved thy son and for his sake loved me.

LAERTES.

Apollo, I well know, was much thy friend.

HOMER.

He never harried me as Marsyas
Was harried by him ; lest he should, I sang
His praise in my best hymn : the Gods love praise.

LAERTES.

I should have thought the Gods would more
approve
Good works than glossy words, for well they know
All we can tell them of themselves or us.
Have they enricht thee? for I see thy cloak
Is ragged.

HOMER.

Ragged cloak is songster's garb.

LAERTES.

I have two better; one of them for thee.
Penelope, who died five years ago,
Spun it, her husband wore it only once,
And 'twas upon the anniversary
Of their espousal.

HOMER.

Wear it I will not,
But I will hang it on the brightest nail

Of the first temple where Apollo sits,
Golden hair'd, in his glory.

LAERTES.

So thou shalt
If so it please thee: yet we first will quaff
The gifts of Bakkos, for methinks his gifts
Are quite as welcome to the sons of song
And cheer them oftener.

[AGATHA *enters with a cup of wine.*]

Maiden! come thou nigh,
And seat thee there, and thou shalt hear him sing,
After a while, what Gods might listen to:
But place that cup upon the board, and wait
Until the stranger hath assuaged his thirst,
For songmen, grasshoppers, and nightingales
Sing cheerily but when the throat is moist.

HOMER.

I sang to maidens in my prime; again,
But not before the morrow, will I sing;

Let me repose this noontide, since in sooth
Wine, a sweet solacer of weariness,
Helps to unload the burden.

LAERTES.

Lie then down
Along yon mat bestrown with rosemary,
Basil, and mint, and thyme.
She knows them all
And has her names for them, some strange
enough.

Sound and refreshing then be thy repose!
Well may weak mortal seek the balm of sleep
When even the Gods require it, when the stars
Droop in their courses, and the Sun himself
Sinks on the swelling bosom of the sea.

Take heed there be no knot on any sprig;
After, bring store of rushes and long leaves
Of cane sweet-smelling from the inland bank
Of yon wide-wandering river over-sea
Famed for its swans; then open and take out
From the black chest the linen, never used
These many years, which thou (or one before)
Spreadst for the Sun to bleach it; and be sure,

Be sure, thou smoothen with both hands his couch
Who has the power to make both young and old
Live throughout ages.

AGATHA.

And look well through all ?

LAERTES.

Aye, and look better than they lookt before.

AGATHA.

I wish he could make me so, and without
My going for it anywhere below.
I am content to stay in Ithaca,
Where the dogs know me, and the ferryman
Asks nothing from me, and the rills are full
After the rain, and flowers grow everywhere,
And bees grudge not their honey, and the grape
Grows within reach, and figs, blue, yellow, green,
Without my climbing ; boys, too come at call ;
And, if they hide the ripest, I know where
To find it, twist and struggle as they may ;

Impudent boys ! to make me bring it out,
Saying I shall not have it if I don't !

LAERTES.

How the child babbles ! pardon her ! behold
Her strength and stature have outgrown her wits !
In fourteen years thou thyself wast not wise.

HOMER.

My heart is freshen'd by a fount so pure
At its springhead ; let it run on in light.
Most girls are wing'd with wishes, and can ill
Keep on their feet against the early gale
That blows impetuous on unguarded breast ;
But this young maiden, I can prophecy,
Will be thy staff when other staff hath fail'd.

AGATHA.

May the Gods grant it ! but not grant it yet !
Blessings upon thy head !

HOMER.

May they bestow
Their choicest upon thine ! may they preserve
Thy comeliness of virtue many years
For him whose hand thy master joins to thine !

AGATHA.

O might I smoothen that mild wrinkled brow
With but one kiss !

LAERTES.

Take it. Now leave us, child,
And bid our good Metampos to prepare
That brazen bath wherein my rampant boy
Each morning lay full-length, struggling at first,
Then laughing as he splasht the water up
Against his mother's face bent over him.
Is this the Odysseus first at quoit and bar ?
Is this the Odysseus call'd to counsel kings,
He whose name sounds beyond our narrow sea ?

AGATHA.

O how I always love to hear that name !

LAERTES.

But linger not ; pursue the task at hand :
Bethink thee 'tis for one who has the power
To give thee many days beyond old-age.

AGATHA.

O ! tell him not to do it if he can :
He cannot make youth stay : the swallows
 come
And go, youth goes, but never comes again.

LAERTES.

He can make heroes greater than they were.

AGATHA.

By making them lay by the wicked sword ?
How I shall love him when he has done that !

LAERTES.

No, but he gives them strength by magic song.

AGATHA.

The strength of constancy to love but one?
As did Odysseus while he lived on earth,
And when he waited for her in the shades.

LAERTES.

The little jay! go, chatterer.

AGATHA to *Homer*.

Do not think,
O stranger, he is wroth; he never is
With Agatha, albeit he stamps and frowns
And shakes three fingers at her, and forbears
To do the like to any one beside.
Hark! the brass sounds, the bath is now pre-
pared.

LAERTES.

More than the water shall her hand assuage
Thy weary feet, and lead thee back, now late.

HOMER. LAERTES. AGATHA.

In the Morning.

HOMER.

Whose is the soft and pulpy hand that lies
Athwart the ridges of my craggy one
Out of the bed ? can it be Agatha's ?

AGATHA.

I come to bring thee, while yet warm and frothy,
A draught of milk. Rise now, rise just half-up,
And drink it. Hark ! the birds, two at a time,
Are singing in the terebinth. Our king
Hath taken down his staff and gone afield
To see the men begin their daily work.

HOMER.

Go thou to thine : I will arise. How sweet
Was that goat's milk !

AGATHA.

We have eleven below,
All milchers. Wouldst thou now the tepid bath ?

HOMER.

Rather when thou hast laid on the left-hand
My sandals within reach ; bring colder lymph
To freshen more the frame-work of mine eyes,
For eyes there are, altho their orbs be dark.

AGATHA.

'Tis here ; let me apply it.

HOMER.

Bravely done !
Why standest thou so still and taciturn ?

AGATHA.

The king my master hath forbidden me
Ever to ask a question : if I might,
And were not disobedience such a sin,
I would ask *thee*, so gentle and so wise,
Whether the story of that bad Calypso
Can be all true, for it would grieve me sorely
To think thou wouldst repeat it were it false,
And some ill-natured God (such Gods there are)
Would punish thee, already too afflicted.

HOMER.

My child ! the Muses sang the tale I told,
And they know more about that wanton Nymph
Than they have uttered into mortal ear.
I do rejoice to find thee fond of truth.

AGATHA.

I was not always truthful. I have smarted
For falsehood, under Queen Penelope,
When I was little. I should hate to hear
More of that wicked creature who detain'd

Her lord from her, and tried to win his love.
I know 'twas very wrong in me to listen.

HOMER.

A pardonable fault : we wish for listeners
Whether we speak or sing, the young and old
Alike are weak in this, unwise and wise,
Cheerful and sorrowful.

AGATHA.

· O ! look up yonder !
Why dost thou smile ? everything makes thee
smile
At silly Agatha, but why just now ?

HOMER.

What was the sight ?

AGATHA.

O inconsiderate !
O worse than inconsiderate ! cruel ! cruel !

o

HOMER.

Tell me, what was it? I can see thro' speech.

AGATHA.

A tawny bird above ; he prowls for hours,
Sailing on wilful wings that never flag
Until they drop headlong to seize the prey.
The hinds shout after him and make him soar
Eastward : our little birds are safe from kites
And idler boys.

'Tis said (can it be true?)

In other parts men catch the nightingale
To make it food.

HOMER.

Nay, men eat men.

AGATHA.

Ye Gods !

But men hurt one another, nightingales
Console the weary with unwearied song,

Until soft slumber on the couch descends.
The king my master and Penelope
Forbade the slaughter or captivity
Of the poor innocents who trusted them,
Nor robbed them even of the tiniest grain.

HOMER.

Generous and tender is thy master's heart,
Warm as the summer, open as the sky.

AGATHA.

How true! how I do love thee for these words!
Stranger, didst thou not hear him wail aloud,
Groan after groan, broken, but ill supprest,
When thou recitedst in that plaintive tone
How Anticleia met her son again
Amid the shades below?

Thou shouldst have stopt
Before that tale was told by thee; that one
At least was true, if none were true before.
In vain, O how in vain, I smote my breast

To keep more quiet what would beat within !
Never were words so sweet, so sad, as those.
I sobb'd apart, I could not check my tears :
Laertes too, tho' stronger, could not his,
They glistened in their channels and would run,
Nor could he stop them with both hands: he
 heard
My sobs, and call'd me little fool for them ;
Then did he catch and hold me to his bosom,
And bid me never do the like again.

HOMER.

The rains in their due season will descend,
And so will tears ; they sink into the heart
To soften, not to hurt it. The best men
Have most to weep for, whether foren lands
Receive them (or stil worse !) a home estranged.

AGATHA.

Listen. I hear the merry yelp of dogs,
And now the ferrel'd staff drops in the hall,
And now the master's short and hurried step
Advances : here he is : turn round, turn round.

LAERTES.

Hast thou slept well, Miconides?

HOMER.

I slept
Three hours ere sunrise, 'tis my wont, at night
I lie awake for nearly twice as long.

LAERTES.

Ay ; singing birds wake early, shake their plumes,
And carol ere they feed. Sound was thy sleep?

HOMER.

I felt again, but felt it undisturb'd,
The pelting of the little curly waves,
The slow and heavy stretch of rising billows,
And the rapidity of their descent.

LAERTES.

Marvellous things are dreams! methinks we live

An age in one of them, we traverse lands
A lifetime could not reach, bring from the grave
Inhabitants who never met before,
And vow we will not leave an absent friend
We long have left, and who leaves *us* ere morn.
Apollo, who deprived thee of thy light
When youth was fresh and nature bloom'd around,
Bestowed on thee gifts never dim with age,
And rarely granted to impatient youth.
The crown thou wearest reddens not the brow
Of him who wears it worthily ; but some
Are snatcht by violence, some purloin'd by fraud,
Some dripping blood, not by the Gods unseen.
To thee, O wise Mæonides, to thee
Worthless is all that glitters and attracts
The buzzing insects of a summer hour.
The Gods have given thee what themselves enjoy,
And they alone, glory through endless days.
The Lydian king Sarpedon never sway'd
Such sceptre, nor did Glaucos his compeer,
Nor Priam. Priam was about my age,
He had more sorrows than I ever had ;
I lost one son, some fifty Priam lost ;
This is a comfort, I may rub my palms
Thinking of this, and bless the Powers above.

HOMER.

One wicked son brought down their vengeance on
him,
And his wide realms invited numerous foes.

LAERTES.

Alas ! alas ! are there not cares enow
In ruling nearly those five thousand heads,
Men, women, children ; arbitrating right
And wrong, and hearing maids and mothers
wail ;
For flax blown off the cliff when almost bleacht,
And curlew tamed in vain and fled away,
Albeit one wing was shortened ; then approach
To royal ear the whisper that the bird
Might peradventure have alighted nigh,
And hist upon the charcoal, skinn'd and split.
Bounteous as are the Gods, where is the wealth
To stop these lamentations with a gift
Adequate to such losses ? words are light,
And words come opposite, with heavy groans.

HOMER.

The pastor of the people may keep watch,
Yet cares as wakeful creep into the fold.

LAERTES.

Beside these city griefs, what mortal knows
The anxieties about my scattered sheep?
Some bleating for lost offspring, some for food,
Scanty in winter, scantier in the drought
Of Sirius; then again the shrubs in spring;
Cropt close, ere barely budded, by the goats.
Methinks these animals are over-nice
About their food, else might they pick sea-weeds,
But these foresooth they trample on, nor deign
To taste even samphire, which their betters cull.
There also are some less solitudes
About those rocks, when plunderers from abroad
Would pilfer eggs and nestlings; my own folk
Are abstinent, without their king's decree.

HOMER.

To help thee in such troubles, and in worse,
Where is thy brave Telemakos?

LAERTES.

That youth
Is gone to rule Dulikeon, where the soil
Tho' fitter than our Ithaca for tilth,
Bears only turbulence and idleness.
He with his gentle voice and his strong arm,
Will bring into due train the restive race.

HOMER.

Few will contend with gentleness and youth,
Even of those who strive against the Laws,
But some subvert them who could best defend,
And in whose hands the Gods have placed the sword.
On the mainland there are, unless report
Belie them, princes who, possessing realms
Wider than sight from mountain-head can reach,
Would yet invade a neighbour's stony croft,
Pretending danger to their citadels
From fishermen ashore, and shepherd boys
Who work for daily and but scanty bread,
And wax the reeds to pipe at festivals,
Where the dogs snarl at them above the bones.

LAERTES.

What! would the cloth'd in purple, as are some,
Rip off the selvage from a ragged coat?
Accursed be the wretch, and whosoe'er
Upholds him, or connives at his misdeeds.
Away with thoughts that sadden even this hour!

HOMER.

I would indeed away with 'em, but wrath
Rings on the lyre and swells above the song.
It shall be heard by those who stand on high,
But shall not rouse the lowlier, long opprest,
Who might be madden'd at his broken sleep,
And wrenching out the timbers of his gate
Batter the prince's down.

LAERTES.

Ye Gods forbid!
Thou makest the skin creep upon my flesh,
Albeit the danger lies from me afar.
Now surely this is but a songman's tale,
Yet songman never here discourst like thee,

Or whispered in low voice what thou hast sung,
Striking the lyre so that the strings all trembled.
Are people anywhere grown thus unruly?

HOMER.

More are they who would rule than would be ruled,
Yet one must govern, else all run astray.
The strongest are the calm and equitable,
And kings at best are men, nor always that.

LAERTES.

I have known many who have call'd me friend,
Yet would not warn me tho' they saw ten skiffs
Grating the strand with three score thieves in
each.

Curse on that chief across the narrow sea,
Who drives whole herds and flocks innumerable,
And whose huge presses groan with oil and wine
Year after year, yet fain would carry off
The crying kid, and strangle it for crying.

Now art thou not, from such long talk, athirst?
Split this pomegranate then, and stoop the jar.
Hold! I can stoop it: take this cup.. 'tis fill'd.

HOMER.

Zeus ! God of hospitality ! vouchsafe
To hear my prayer, as thou hast often done,
That, when thy lightnings spring athwart the sea,
And when thy thunders shake from brow to base
The Acrokerauneans, thy right hand protect
This Ithaca, this people, and this king ! *

* It has been doubted and denied that Homer and Laertes were contemporary.

HIPPOMENES AND ATALANTA.

Hippomenes and Atalanta strove
To win a race: he lov'd her: but she shunn'd
All lovers, and her royal sire had sworn
That none should marry her unless the one
Swifter of foot, believing none could match
His girl in fleetness, and decreed that all
Should surely die who fail'd in such attempt.
Courageously came forth Hippomenes.
She once beheld him, and she pitied him,
For she had made a vow to Artemis
That she would never violate a word
Her father had exacted.

Now the hour
Had come to prove her faith; the venturous youth
Stood now before her. Down she cast her eyes,

And cried in broken words, "Rash youth! depart,
The Fates (thou seest them not) are close behind;
Seven brave youths, hardly less brave than thou,
Have fallen for contending in the race
With wretched Atalanta. . . Go."

HIPPOMENES.

To live
For Atalanta is the first of glory,
To die for her the next: this they enjoyed
In death, the better they bequeathe to me.

ATALANTA.

Pity I gave them, do not ask for more,
Nor for such cause; let me not weep again,
Let that be the last time.

HIPPOMENES.

So may it be!
So shall it; for the Gods have given me strength
And confidence: one name for victory.
Certain I am to win.

ATALANTA.

No, thou rash boy!
 If thou must try such hazard..if thou must. . .
 Must? what impels thee? madness! There is
 time
 Yet to turn back; I do implore thee . . go.
 Artemis sees me.

HIPPOMENES.

Aphrodite sees
Me, and smiles on me, and instructs me how . .

ATALANTA.

Cease, cease, this instant: I abhor the name;
 My Goddess hates her, should not I? I do.

HIPPOMENES.

I love all Goddesses, the kindest most,
 And I beseech her now to make me grateful.

ATALANTA.

All I can hope for is thy swift escape;
Be prompt: I see white sails below the cliff;
My father soon shall know 'twas my command,
He wills obedience, he shall value thine,
And send thee gifts.

HIPPOMENES.

I want but one, which one
The king shall give me.

ATALANTA.


What is that?

HIPPOMENES.

This hand.

ATALANTA.

And snatchest thou my hand? audacious creature!



No man hath dared to touch it until now,
Nor I conversed with any half so long.

HIPPOMENES.

Not half so long have any loved as I.

ATALANTA.

Insane ! it was but yesterday we met.

HIPPOMENES.

In yesterday, its day and night, lay years.

ATALANTA.

I never was dissembler. I will pass
Unyoked thro' life.

HIPPOMENES.

O Atalanta ! love
No yoke imposes, he removes the heaviest
The Destinies would throw around the neck

Of youth, who wearies in the dismal way
Of lonely life.

ATALANTA.

I do not comprehend
Those flighty words, they sound like idle song.

HIPPOMENES.

Scoff not, add not another to the seven,
Without a race for it ; my breath is failing.

ATALANTA.

O perfidy ! to make me weep again !
Others too may have loved.

HIPPOMENES.

But not like me ;
Else would the Gods have rais'd them to them-
selves,
Ay, and above themselves, in happiness,
Crowning the best of them with amaranth.

ATALANTA.

Zeus holds the scales of weal and woe.

HIPPOMENES.

Zeus holds them,
But little Eros with light finger stoops
The balance-bowl: Zeus shakes his head and
smiles.

ATALANTA.

What wouldst thou?

HIPPOMENES.

Thee; thee only; no rich ile,
No far dominion over land and sea.

ATALANTA.

Easier to win than what thou seekest here.
Remember last year's fruit; it lies beneath
The seven hillocks of yon turf, ill-squared

And disunited yet, on the left hand.
Shame ! thus to weaken me in my resolve,
And break my father's heart ! no, thou shalt not.

HIPPOMENES.

I blame not tears for those who bravely fell.

ATALANTA.

I never did shed tears, and never will.
Come, let us lose no time, if strive we must.
The sward is level here and sound and soft ;
Throw off thy sandals, I will throw off mine.
Start.

They both started ; he, by one stride, first,
For she half pitied him so beautiful,
Running to meet his death, yet was resolved
To conquer : soon she near'd him, and he felt
The rapid and repeated gush of breath
Behind his shoulder.

From his hand now dropt
A golden apple : she lookt down and saw
A glitter on the grass, yet on she ran.
He dropt a second ; now she seem'd to stoop :

He dropt a third ; and now she stoopt indeed :
Yet, swifter than a wren picks up a grain
Of millet, rais'd her head : it was too late,
Only one step, only one breath, too late.
Hippomenes had toucht the maple goal
With but two fingers, leaning pronely forth.
She stood in mute despair ; the prize was won.

Now each walkt slowly forward, both so tired,
And both alike breathed hard, and stopt at times.
When he turn'd round to her, she lowered her face
Cover'd with blushes, and held out her hand,
The golden apple in it.

“ Leave me now,”

Said she, “ I must walk homeward.”

He did take

The apple and the hand.

“ Both I detain,”

Said he, “ the other two I dedicate
To the two Powers that soften virgin hearts,
Eros and Aphroditè ; and this one
To her who ratifies the nuptial vow.”

She would have wept to see her father weep ;
But some God pitied her, and purple wings
(What God's were they ?) hovered and interposed.

SAPPHO, ALCÆUS, ANACREON,
PHAON.

SAPPHO.

I wonder at the malice of the herd
Against us poets. O what calumnies
Do those invent who can invent nought else!
'Tis said, Alcæus, thou hast run away
From battle.

ALCÆUS.

Idlers show no idleness
In picking up and spreading false reports.
Nay, 'tis said also (thing incredible)
That women carry them from house to house,
And twirl and sniff them as they would a rose.

Nothing is lighter than an empty tale,
 Or carried farther on with fresh relays ;
 No ball do children leap at with more glee,
 Catch, and look more triumphant, than do men
 At lies : such men, day after day, come here :
 Yet, Sappho, which among the worst can say
 I love thee not ?

SAPPHO.

Well, well !

ALCÆUS.

To be beloved
 By Sappho raises mortal nigh the Gods
 In bliss and glory ; not to love her sinks
 The proudest head below the beasts that perish.
 They who look down from heaven into our hearts
 See truth, how deep ! in mine.

SAPPHO.

They know the true,
 They know the brave, and value them alike.

ANACREON.

Pick up thy shield, man ! There was no delay
Upon that meadow, soft to run upon,
Where even the tenderest grass seem'd strong
 enough
To impede thee like a barrier, every reed
A pointed spear, and every twittering bird
Sounded like trumpet, when two lifted hands
Shielded two ears upright as leveret's.

SAPPHO.

I never thought Anacreon was so fierce,
But even doves are vicious now and then,

ALCÆUS.

I burn to smite him on the mouth for this.

SAPPHO.

Sit down, Alcæus ; none are angry here.
Do wise men rear and start at sparks of wit ?

ALCÆUS.

Sparks fly up, drop, and die ; pure incense burns
Without them.

SAPPHO.

Incense usually begins
In smoke, and ends in ashes.

ALCÆUS.

Not so mine.

SAPPHO.

I wish thy voice attuned to notes less grave.

ALCÆUS.

Ah ! can it ever be attuned to thine ?
Love checks it.

ANACREON.

Love, it seems, may check thy tongue,

42 SAPPHO, ALCÆUS, ANACREON, PHAON.

But not thy feet. I wish my verses ran
On feet as light as those which left their soles
Behind them at the clarion's nearer blasts;
The lightest lyre would have been heavy there.

SAPPHO. (PHAON *entering*.)

Be calm, Alcæus ! be less petulant,
Anacreon ! Thy persuasive voice, my Phaon,
May harmonize these wranglers.

PHAON.

Ah ! what voice
Could ever harmonize like thine the chords
Of the most rigid breast ! a ray of thine
Awakes to song, as the bright Morn awakes
Upon the desert sand her Memnon's lyre.

ANACREON.

By Zeus ! he beats us both. Sing, sing away,
Alcæus ! I will try another time.

(*To SAPPHO.*)

Already this brave warrior hath confest
His voice defective in the praise of thee.

ALCÆUS.

I did confess it, and will prove it now.

(*Sings.*)

Glory of Lesbos ! where Apollo's hand
Led thee among us mortals, nor withdrew
When Aphrodite claim'd thee for her own,
Over what distant ages shalt thou pass,
And thro what distant regions men shall hear
The song of Sappho, and her praise in all.

PHAON (*to SAPPHO*).

I hate such sing-song from my very soul ;
'Tis only proper for hard-fisted girls
Who, crouching on low tressel, milk the goat.
As for that tippler on the other side,

44 SAPPHO, ALCÆUS, ANACREON, PHAON.

I often hear his verses in the street ;
There children stagger, imitating him,
And he runs sidelong after them, and trips.

SAPPHO.

Why lookest thou so gloomily ? say, speak.
Surely thou art not jealous, like a poet.

PHAON.

Jealous I am not ; but can ill endure
To see a rival wear a gift of thine.

SAPPHO.

I would not give it hadst not thou been by.

PHAON.

Songsters are ever most importunate.

SAPPHO.

We like a bird to sing to us sometimes.

PHAON.

Some birds would put their beaks on softer ones.

SAPPHO.

I have known maidens let their sparrow do it,
Holding the wing on purpose.

Thou art cold
And peevish : be what thou hast been till now.
Whenever Phaon came, all went away,
As those have done.

PHAON.

But thou hast given my gift,
If mine it was.

SAPPHO.

O cruelest of words !
Were it not thine, and worn till it was dead,
The kitten had been tearing it for play ;
I wore it only for thy coming, sure
To have a fresher, so now give it me,

46 SAPPHO, ALCÆUS, ANACREON, PHAON.

Or lay it on the table : if not, take
Some trouble with it in a fitter place,
Where thou hast often spent much time and tried
Contrivances, and tried again, to bend
A riotous curl obedient to thy will.

PHAON.

Forgive me, Sappho. Let me twine it round
Thy sadden'd brow : how hot it is ! Had love
And not vexation caus'd it, even then
I might almost have griev'd. Yes ! any pain
Thou feelest, I feel more.

SAPPHO.

Of love ?

PHAON.

That worst.
Until thy breath wafted it all away.

SAPPHO.

When thy love perishes, I shall believe



The Gods have perisht too, one only left,
And he to laugh and taunt me.

PHAON.

Truth herself
Shall first leave earth and heaven. Now wipe
thine eyes.

SAPPHO.

Thou shalt then lower thy lips,

PHAON.

And crush that smile.

THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA.

HIPPOLYTA.

Eternal hatred I have sworn against
The persecutor of my sisterhood ;
In vain, proud son of Ægeus, hast thou snapt
Their arrows and derided them ; in vain
Leadest thou me a captive ; I can die,
And die I will.

THESEUS.

Nay ; many are the years
Of youth and beauty for Hippolyta.

HIPPOLYTA.

I scorn my youth, I hate my beauty. Go !

Monster ! of all the monsters in these wilds
Most frightful and most odious to my sight.

THESEUS.

I boast not that I saved thee from the bow
Of Scythian.

HIPPOLYTA.

And for what ? to die disgraced.
Strong as thou art, yet thou art not so strong
As Death is, when we call him for support.

THESEUS.

Him too will I ward off ; he strikes me first,
Hippolyta long after, when these eyes
Are closed, and when the knee that supplicates
Can bend no more.

HIPPOLYTA.

Is the man mad ?

D *

THESEUS.

He is.

HIPPOLYTA.

So, thou canst tell one truth, however false
In other things.

THESEUS.

What other? Thou dost pause,
And thine eyes wander over the smooth turf
As if some gem (but gem thou wearest not)
Had fallen from the remnant of thy hair.
Hippolyta! speak plainly, answer me,
What have I done to raise thy fear or hate?

HIPPOLYTA.

Fear I despise, perfidy I abhor.
Unworthy man! did Heracles delude
The maids who trusted him?

THESEUS.

Did ever I?

Whether he did or not, they never told me :
I would have chided him.

HIPPOLYTA.

Thou chide him ! thou !

• The Spartan mothers well remember thee.

THESEUS.

Scorn adds no beauty to the beautiful.
Heracles was beloved by Omphalè,
He never parted from her, but obey'd
Her slightest wish, as Theseus will Hippolyta's.

HIPPOLYTA.

Then leave me, leave me instantly ; I know
The way to my own country.

THESEUS.

This command,

And only this, my heart must disobey.
My country shall be thine, and there thy state
Regal.

HIPPOLYTA.

Am I a child? give me my own,
And keep for weaker heads thy diadems.
Thermodon I shall never see again,
Brightest of rivers, into whose clear depth
My mother plunged me from her warmer breast,
And taught me early to divide the waves
With arms each day more strong, and soon to chase
And overtake the father swan, nor heed
His hoarser voice or his uplifted wing.
Where are my sisters? Are there any left?

THESEUS.

I hope it.

HIPPOLYTA.

And I fear it: theirs may be
A fate like mine; which, O ye Gods, forbid!

THESEUS.

I pity thee, and would assuage thy grief.

HIPPOLYTA.

Pity me not ; thy anger I could bear.

THESEUS.

There is no place for anger where thou art.
Commiseration even men may feel
For those who want it : even the fiercer beasts
Lick the sore-wounded of a kindred race,
Hearing their cry, albeit they may not help.

HIPPOLYTA.

This is no falsehood : and can he be false
Who speaks it ?

I remember not the time
When I have wept, it was so long ago.
Thou forcest tears from me, because . . because . .
I can not hate thee as I ought to do.

THE TRIAL OF ÆSCHYLOS.

JUDGE.

Bring into court the culprit, him accused
Of having, and deliberately, betray'd
The mysteries of Eleusis.

ÆSCHYLOS.

Here I stand,
No culprit, and no jailer brings me forth.

JUDGE.

Hast thou not, Æschylos, divulged the rites
Taught by Demeter?

ÆSCHYLOS.

What have I divulged
Beside the truths the Gods to men impart,

And none beside the worthy do they trust.
The human breast they open and they close,
And who can steal their secrets? who shall dare
Infringe their laws, or who arraign their will?
Ye men of Athens! before *you* I stand,
Known to ye long ago, nor only here,
But on the plain of Marathon: who flinch
In that fierce fray? did I? and shall I now?
The brave man venerates, the base man fears,
I scorn to supplicate, or even to plead,
For well I know there is a higher court,
A court of last appeal.

JUDGE.

We know it not;
Where is it situated?

ÆSCHYLOS.

In man's heart.
In life it may be barr'd, so dark that none
See into it, not he himself; Death comes,
And then the Furies leave their grove and strike.

CITIZEN.

He spake no wiser words upon the stage,
Where all men speak their wisest and their best.

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

I wish he had not said a word about
Those Furies ; Death is bad enough.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Hush ! hush !
The Arkon rises up and waves his hand.

JUDGE.

What say ye, men of Athens, to the charge
Ye heard denounced this morning ? Are ye mute ?
Sadness I see in some, in others wrath,
Wrath ill becomes the seat I occupy ;
And even sadness I would fain suppress.
But who can bear irreverence to his Gods ?
Their profanation (by your laws) is death.

AMYNTOS

(Rushes forward and bares his brother's scars)

What have these merited? These wounds he won
From Persia, nothing else. Let others show
The purple vestures, stript from satraps slain,
He slew them, and left those for weaker hands
To gather up, and to adorn their wives.

(To Æschylos.)

ÆSCHYLOS.

Amyntos is my brother, so are ye,
But why display my ragged white-faced scar?
Why show the place where one arm *was*, if one
Keeps yet its own? this left can wield the sword.

AMYNTOS.

Fling not thy cloak about thee, nor turn round,
Nay, brother, thou shalt not conceal the scars
With that one hand yet left thee.

Citizens !

Behold the man, that impious man, who smote
Those who defiled the altars of your Gods.
Look up : is Pallas standing on yon hill ?
She would not have been standing there unless
Men like the man before ye had well fought
At Marathon, not braver than some here [limb.
Who fought with him and bound his shattered
If Æschylos your comrade had profaned
Her mysteries, would Demeter have blest
Your fields with what we call the staff of life,
To give ye strength and courage to protect
Your country, wives, and friends.

Ye want him not,
But ye may miss him in the hour of need.
If irreligious wretch hath violated
What all hold sacred, Æschylos not least,
To death condemn him.

Weep not thou, whoe'er
Thou art, nor stamp thou other, no, nor shout,
Impatient men ! impatient as for battle.
If there be any here who deem him guilty,
To death condemn him, or to worse than death,
Drive him from Athens, bid him raise no more
Your hearts and souls, for he no more can fight

To save our country, nor call heroes down
To stand before ye, not more brave than he,
Alas ! alas ! nor more unfortunate.

CITIZEN.

Truth, by the Gods ! thou speakest.

JUDGE.

Speak ye too,
Judges who sit beside me.

JUDGE.

Thou art absolved
By all the people ; we confirm the voice.
Æschylos, go in peace.

CITIZEN.

In glory go.
Are there no clarions nigh, to waft him home
With their strong blast ? no harp to ring before ?

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

No olive ? none there had been but for him
In all this land.

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

At least we can raise up
Our voices to the hymn they have begun,
And call our children to come forth and kiss
The threshold that our Æschylos hath crost.

MARCUS AURELIUS AND LUCIAN.

AURELIUS.

Lucian ! in *one* thing thou art ill advised.

LUCIAN. \

And in one only ? Tell me which is that ?

AURELIUS.

In scoffing, as thou hast done openly,
At all religions ; there is truth in all.

LUCIAN.

Ah, could we see it ! but the well is deep.
Each mortal calls his God inscrutable,
And this at least is true, then why not stop ?

Some subsidize him, others split him down
From nape to navel, others bandage him,
Forcing the sub-divisions to unite.
These should have lived in Saturn's day, his son
Methinks had found them easier work to do.
Eclectic are we Romans, yet we run
(Pardon me, Pontifex !) from bad to worse.
Those which Fear palsies and which Fraud sustains,
Not the erect and strenuous, I deride.
The worshiper of Mothras lifts his eyes
To hail his early rising, for he knows
Who ripens all the grain to nourish him :
Olympus and the Alps are hills alike
To him, and goats their best inhabitants.
Did Epictetus take our rotten staves
To walk with uprightly ? did Cicero
Kneel down before our urban deities ?
He carried in his mouth a Jupiter
Ready for senates when he would harang,
Then wiped him clean and laid him down again.

AURELIUS.

Gratitude to the Gods, to men, good will—
Is the religion I would cultivate,

Leaving as many gods upon the ground
As, season after season, may spring up
And stifle one another.

LUCIAN.

Well, no harm !

AURELIUS.

Let each man weed his croft, not turn his kine
Into his neighbour's. What, if some prefer
The lofty holyhock, another bend
Over the bed where hang the modest bells
Of early cluster-lily.

When we fight

The Parthian, 'tis not that we hate his God,
The glorious Sun, for he is our God too.
When Alexander saw the Ganges roll
Before him, did he persecute a race
Devote to Budda? did that race cut throats
To make men run the readier at their side?
All things deteriorate, religions most.

LUCIAN.

I set a drunken man upon his legs
And show him his own door, but enter not,
Therefore he curses me, and calls me lost,
And spits at me, and bids me go to hell.

AURELIUS.

Altho' we now are talking in our greek,
We both know Latin.

LUCIAN.

Well, what then ?

AURELIUS.

I hate
Quotations, and hate worse to intermix
Two languages : this we may do in talk,
But not in writing ; you Greeks never did.

LUCIAN.

'Twere folly ; for what legs get faster on
By straddling round the shoulders of another ?

AURELIUS.

Little of Roman poetry I hold
In memory, yet one sentence comes to hand
From the most amiable and least prolix.

LUCIAN.

What then could he have said upon religion ?

AURELIUS.

Nothing indeed, but somewhat applicable.
*All have not the same faces, yet they all
Bear sisterly resemblance.*

LUCIAN.

His nymphs might,
Our last was born in the decrepitude

Of her poor mother, and now leans on crutch,
Which she can swing about her if provoked.

AURELIUS.

Lucian ! I think as thou dost, but abstain
From words that irritate where all should soothe.
I seldom laugh, and never in men's faces.

LUCIAN.

The peace proclaimers bellow the most loud ;
My voice by nature is too weak to curse.
Religions, true or false, may lend support
To man's right conduct ; some deter from evil
By fear, and others lead by gentleness,
Benevolence in thought, beneficence
In action, and from these springs gratitude,
Which often widens into patriotism
Whereby men struggle for their native land.

LUCIAN.

So much the worse for them. Did Julius spare
The Druid in his grove ? our Divus wrencht

The golden sickle from the mistletoe,
And burnt the wicker basket ere it held
Upon the sacred oak the wretch within.

AURELIUS.

I doubt it : well he knew the use of priests
And spared the Druids, proud unruly race,
Nor with their bloody rites would interfere.
Ambition was his fault, but clemency
Could over-rule ambition. . .

LUCIAN.

. . . When the world
Lay at his feet and he too, was a God.

AURELIUS.

Ambition is at best but selfishness,
And stoops to scramble as the needy do.

LUCIAN.

O Marcus, Marcus ! art not thou ambitious ?

Who holding in one hand the peopled globe,
Yet wouldst thou more ?

AURELIUS.

Lucian ! Not I indeed.

LUCIAN.

Thou wouldst have much beyond this visible
Diurnal sphere, wouldst catch Fame, flying Fame.

AURELIUS.

Quiet be mine ! and let Fame follow me.
Say on.

LUCIAN.

Well then thou art an innovator,
Thou art a revolutionist.

AURELIUS.

Lucian ! How so ?

LUCIAN.

Ay, greatest of all revolutionists,
The battle-field, O Marcus, thou hast turn'd
Into the corn-field. What would Julius say,
If Julius were not now among the Gods ?

AURELIUS.

He did some evil, he removed much more.
He would not irritate weak intellects,
Nurst in religion, learnt by heart and rear'd
Upon a mother's knee, thence justly dear.

LUCIAN.

Founded on falsehood are not all religions,
And copied more or less from older ones ?
Some by transfusion purified, and some
Weakened, and pour'd again upon the dregs,
Until they first ferment and then turn sour.

AURELIUS.

The mildest and most genial is our own.

LUCIAN.

Five carts conveying hither Gods from Veü,
Broke down and left their fragments in the road,
Yet plenty stil remain to pick and choose,
And all are not fastidious ; stern would look
Old Cato at some tasters of our fasti
And pelt them with what turnips were unsound,
Or but half rotten in his frugal farm :
His addled eggs he kept for favorite slaves,
Severe he would be where one calls a God
To help him in his vengeance on a neighbour,
Who puts his left leg where he should the right,
And will not draw it back, but walk strait on.
His God was Terminus, his fane, the field.

AURELIUS.

Temples I seldom enter.

Not a God

Minds me above the atoms of the earth
Whereof we, great and little, are composed,
Such is the purest doctrine to uphold ;
But to divulge even this may be unsafe.
Have we not known a sage of Palestine

Derided, persecuted, crucified ?
Have we not seen his simple followers
Slaughter'd in this our city, this our Rome,
Some thrown among wild beasts, some burnt alive?

LUCIAN.

Woefully true ! and thieves and murderers
Have sprung up from the ground whereon they
bled.

AURELIUS.

Woefully true this also, but unwise
Because unsafe to utter. Truth is more
Unsafe than falsehood, and was ever so.
Do not exasperate by pointed wit
The proud and the morose, but rather stoop
To raise them up from their infirmities.

LUCIAN.

Poor creatures ! they will kick me in the face
If at such office I bend over them ;
Better to strip the sophists of their rings

And trailing trappings femininely loose,
With chanting boys in marshal'd troops before,
Waving fat incense up against their beards :
Soon at the Via Sacra they may halt
And choose an imperator of their own.

AURELIUS.

Friend Lucian ! thou art more jocose than ever.
Why not imagine they may take my horse
From under me, then round men's shoulders strap
The curule chair and hoist a priest thereon ?
Thy wit and wisdom, Lucian, long I've known,
But never found the poet until now,
Homer feign'd Polyphemus and Calyps,
Imagination left him on the strand
With those : he never saw even in a dream,
So strange a rider on a seat so strange :
Give him my purple, make the scene complete.


DAMOCLES AND HIERA.

HIERA.

A kiss, indeed ! was ever boy so bold?
Who taught you such bad manners ? Run away,
Or presently I may be very angry :
Stay ; beg my pardon first. You look ashamed,
And shame becomes the guilty. Kiss, indeed !
Did ever maid or mortal hear the like !
How many summers have you seen above
Twelve at the most ? I a whole twelvemonth more.
Learn to revere your elders in your youth.

DAMOCLES.

Shake not my arm, it makes me feel so strange.
I do ask pardon, lovely Hiera.



HIERA.

Gods give me power to grant it ! I am weak
From such a sudden and severe a blow.

DAMOCLES.

I am not ; though I should be : 'twas so wrong.

HIERA.

The Gods take pity on the penitent.

DAMOCLES.

Do maidens never ? can they do amiss
In doing what the Gods do ?

HIERA.

You perplex me ;
To question so the deeds of those above
Is impious.

DAMOCLES.

I would pray, but first to you,
For you are like them in all other things,
Why not in this?

HIERA.

You talk beyond your years :
Only rude men talk so.

DAMOCLES.

Give but one sign
Of pardon.

HIERA.

And what sign ?

DAMOCLES.

Dare I repeat
What I implored ?

HIERA.

What was it ? I forget.

DAMOCLES.

One kiss ; I ask but one.

HIERA.

You foolish boy !

Well : take it : I don't give it, mind you *that*.

He gave the one ; she added twenty more
For his obedience ; and he never sued
After that eventide.

A swain averr'd
That he descried in the deep wood a cheek
At first aslant, then lower, then eclipt.
Another said it was not in the wood,
But in the grotto near the water-fall,
And he alone had seen it.

The dispute
Ran high ; a third declared that both were *wrong*.

A FRIEND TO THEOCRITOS IN EGYPT.

Dost thou not often gasp with longdrawn sighs,
Theocritos, recalling Sicily?
Glorious is Nile, but rather give me back
Our little rills, which fain would run away
And hide themselves from persecuting suns
In summer, under oleander boughs,
And catch its roses as they flaunt above.
Here are no birds that sing, no sweeter flower
Than tiny fragile weak-eyed resida,
Which faints upon the bosom it would cool.
Altho' the royal lotos sits aloof
On his rich carpet, spread from wave to wave,
I throw myself more gladly where the pine
Protects me, loftier than the palace-roof,
Or where the linden and acacia meet
Across my path, in fragrance to contend.

Bring back the hour, Theocritos, when we
Shall sit together on a thymy knoll,
With few about us, and with none too nigh,
And when the song of shepherds and their glee
We may repeat, perchance and gaily mock,
Until one bolder than the rest springs up
And slaps us on the shoulder for our pains.
Take thou meanwhile these two papyrus-leaves,
Recording, one the loves and one the woes
Of Pan and Pitys, heretofore unsung.
Aside our rivers and within our groves
The pastoral pipe hath dropt its mellow lay,
And shepherds in their contests only try .
Who best can puzzle.

Come, Theocritos,
Come, let us lend a shoulder to the wheel
And help to lift it from this depth of sand.

EUCRATES TO THE GOD SLEEP.

No God to mortals oftener descends
Than thou, O sleep ! yet thee the sad alone
Invoke, and gratefully thy gifts receive.
Some thou invitest to explore the sands
Left by Pactolos, some to climb up higher,
Where points Ambition to the pomp of War ;
Others thou watchest while they tighten robes
Which Law throws round them loose, and they
meanwhile
Wink at the judge, and he the wink returns.
Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more
And leadest where unruffled rivers flow,
Or azure lakes neath azure skies expand.
These have no wider wishes, and no fears,
Unless a fear by motion to molest
The silent, solitary, stately swan,
Disdaining the garrulity of groves
Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.

Me also hast thou led among such scenes,
Gentlest of Gods! and Age appear'd far off
While thou wert hovering round about the couch
Until he stoopt and said, close over it,
“ Sleep often plays with me, as once he used,
“ Refreshing in his way the vernal flowers,
“ Flowers that had droopt and but for him had
died.
“ He now departs from thee, but leaves behind
“ His own twin-brother, beauteous as himself,*
“ Who soon shall take my place . . men call him
Death.
“ Thou heavest me, nor troublest, as most do,
“ In sooth why shouldst thou? what man hast
thou wrong'd
“ By deed or word? few dare ask this within.”
There was a pause; then suddenly said Age
“ He whom I warn'd approacheth: so farewell.”

* There is an ancient statue of a Genius representing *Death* in the form of a beautiful youth. Dr. Young has introduced the God, in full feather, to the *world*, leading him to a seat of eyelashes not damp under him.

P A N.

Pan led me to a wood the other day,
Then, bending both hoofs under him, where moss
Was softest and where highest was the tuft,
Said he, "sit thou aside me; there is room
Just for us two; the tinklers are below
To catch the little birds and butterflies,
Nor see us nor would heed us if they saw.
I minded thee in Sicily with one
I dearly love; I heard thee tell my loss
Of Pitys; and he swore that none but thou
Could thus contend with him, or ever should.
Though others had loud lyres and struck them
well,
Few could bring any harmony from reeds
By me held high, and higher since thou hast
breath'd
Thy gentle breath o'er Pitys and her Pan."

NIOBE.

Amid nine daughters slain by Artemis
Stood Niobe: she rais'd her head above
Those beauteous forms which had brought down
the scath

Whence all nine fell, rais'd it, and stood erect,
And thus bespake the Goddess enthroned on
high.

“Thou heardest, Artemis, my daily prayer
That thou wouldst guide these children in the
pass

Of virtue, through the tangling wilds of youth,
And thou didst ever guide them: was it just
To smite them for a beauty such as thine?
Deserv'd they death because thy grace appear'd
In every modest motion? 'twas thy gift,
The richest gift that youth from heaven receives.
True, I did boldly say they might compare

Even with thyself in virgin purity :
May not a mother in her pride repeat
What every mortal said ?

One prayer remains
For me to offer yet.

Thy quiver holds
More than nine arrows : bend thy bow : aim
here,

I see, I see it glimmering through a cloud.
Artemis thou at length art merciful.
My children will not hear the fatal twang."

THIRD DAY.

LAERTES. HOMER. AGATHA.

HOMER.

And now, Mæonides, the sun hath risen
These many spans above the awaken'd earth,
Sing me that hymn, which thou hast call'd thy best,
In glory to the God who gives it light.

First I will call the child to hear thee sing,
For girls remember well and soon repeat
What they have heard of sacred more or less.
I must forbear to join in it, although
That blessed God hath helpt to rear my grain
High as my knee, and made it green and strong.
Alas ! I cackle when I aim to sing,
Which I have sometimes done at festivals,
But, ere a word were out, methought I felt
A beard of barley sticking in my throat.

(Agatha enters.)

Now, with a trail of honey down the cup
(Agatha, drop it in), commence thy chaunt.

*(About the 500th verse Laertes falls asleep :
awakening he finds Agatha in the same state,
and chides her.)*

Hast thou no reverence for a song inspired ?

AGATHA (in a whisper).

Hush ! O my king and lord, or he may hear.
You were asleep the first : I kept my eyes
Wide open, opener than they ever were,
While I do think I could have counted more
Than half a thousand of those words divine,
Had both my hands not dropt upon my lap.

LAERTES.

Another time beware of drowsiness
When reverend men discourse about the Gods.
Now lead him forth into the cooler porch,
Entreating him that he will soon renew
His praises of Apollo.

AGATHA.

I will bear
Your words to him ; he might care less for mine,
And, sooth to say, I would much rather hear
Some other story, where more men than Gods
Shine on the field.

LAERTES.

Of men thou know'st enough.

AGATHA.

Too much : then why show Gods almost as bad ?
They can not be . . least of all Artemis ;
'Twas she directed and preserved Odysseus.

LAERTES.

Blessings upon thee ! While thou wast a babe
He fondled thee, nor saw when thou couldst walk.
Few love so early or so long : We say
We love the Gods : we lie ; the seen alone
We love, to those unseen we may be grateful.

AGATHA.

But when they are no more before our eyes...

LAERTES.

That never is, altho' earth come between.
Perplex not thou thy simple little head
With what the wise were wiser to let be.

AGATHA.

I go, and will not be again perplex.

(Aside.)

He has been dozing while we have conversed.

Mæonides! rise and take this arm
To lead thee where is freshness in the porch.
My master tells me thou another time
Wilt finish that grand hymn about Apollo.
Hast thou no shorter one for Artemis?

HOMER.

Such thou shalt have for her, but not to-day.

AGATHA.

O, I can wait, so (I am sure) can she.


HOMER.

Faint are the breezes here, less faint above ;
Gladly then would I mount that central peak
Which overlooks the whole of Ithaca,
That peak I well remember I once clomb
(What few could do) without the help of beast.

AGATHA.

Here are sure-footed ones, who weed our thistles,
And give us milk, grey dappled as the dawn :
Their large and placid eyes well know that path,
And they will bring us safely to the top
And back again, treading more warily
Than up the ascent.

I will call forth two boys
To lead them, without switches in the fist.
These two can lift thee up ; I at thy side
Require no help, and can whisk off the flies.



HOMER.

I know not what impels me to retrace
Scenes I can see no more : but so it is
Thro' life.

If thou art able, lead me forth,
And let none follow ; we are best alone.

AGATHA.

Come forward ye.

Now lift up carefully
The noblest guest that ever king received
And the Gods favor most.

Well done ! now rest,
Nor sing nor whistle til we all return,
And reach the chesnut and enjoy the shade.

HOMER (at the summit).

I think we must be near the highest point,
For now the creatures stop, who struggled hard,
And the boys neither cheer 'em, nor upbraid.
'Tis somewhat to have mounted up so high,
Profitless as it is, nor without toil.

AGATHA.

Dost thou feel weary ?

HOMER.

Short as was the way
It shook my aged bones at every step ;
My shoulders ache, my head whirls round and
round.

AGATHA.

Lean on my shoulder, place thy head on mine,
'Tis low enough.

What were those words ? . . I heard
Imperfectly...shame on me ! Dost thou smile ?

HOMER.

Child ! hast thou ever seen an old man die ?

AGATHA.

The Gods defend me from so sad a sight !

HOMER.

Sad if he die in agony, but blest
If friend be nigh him, only one true friend.

AGATHA.

Tho' most of thine be absent, one remains ;
Is not Laertes worthy of the name ?

HOMER.

And Agatha, who tends me to the last.

AGATHA.

I will, I will indeed, when comes that hour.

HOMER.

That hour is come.

Let me lay down my head
On the cool turf ; there I am sure to rest.

AGATHA (after a pause).

How softly old men sigh ! Sleep, gentle soul !
 He turns his face to me. Ah how composed !
 Surely he sleeps already...hand and cheek
 Are colder than such feeble breeze could make 'em.
 Mæonides ! hearest thou Agatha ?
 He hears me not...Can it...can it be...death ?
 Impossible...'tis death...'tis death indeed...
 Then, O ye Gods of heaven ! who would not die,
 If thus to rest eternal, he descend ?
 O, my dear lord ! how shall I comfort thee ?
 How look unto thy face and tell my tale,
 And kneeling clasp thy knee ? to be repulst
 Were hard, but harder to behold thy grief.

This poem could not come in in time for its proper place.
 The following note was subjoined :—

Homer's age is uncertain. He may have been, or may not, the contemporary of Laertes. Chronology and poesy are not twins. Two heavy volumes might never have befallen us if their author had consulted Pericles and Aspasia. Among the hymns attributed to Homer is one to Apollo, which may well have made an old man and a young girl somnolent.

THE GARDENER AND THE MOLE.

A gardener had watcht a mole
And caught it coming from its hole.
“ Mischievous beast !” he cried, “ to harm
The garden as thou dost the farm.
Here thou hast had thy wicked will
Upon my tulip and jonquil.
Behold them drooping and half dead
Upon this torn and tumbled bed.”

The mole said meekly in reply,
“ My star is more to blame than I.
To undermine is mole’s commission,
Our house stil holds it from tradition.
What lies the nearest us is ours.
Decreed so by the higher Powers.
We hear of conies and of hares.
But when commit we deeds like theirs ?
We never touch the flowers that blow,
And only bulbs that lurk below.

'Tis true, where we have run, the ground
Is rais'd a trifle, nor quite sound,
Yet, after a few days of rain,
Level and firm it lies again ;
Wise men, like you, will rather wait
For these than argue against fate,
Or quarrel with us moles because
We simply follow Nature's laws.
We raise the turf to keep us warm,
Surely in this there is no harm.
Ye break it up to set thereon
A fortress or perhaps a throne,
And pray that God cast down his eyes
Benignly on burnt sacrifice,
The sacrifice of flesh and bone
Fashioned, they tell us, like His own,
Ye in the cold lie all the night
Under thin tents, at morn to fight.
Neither for horn'd nor fleecy cattle
Start we to mingle in the battle,
Or in the pasture shed their blood
To pamper idleness with food.
Indeed we do eat worms ; what then ?
Do not those very worms eat men,
And have the impudence to say

Ye shall ere long be such as they?
We never kill or wound a brother,
Men kill by thousands one another,
And, though ye swear ye wish but peace,
Your feuds and warfares never cease."

Such homebrought truths the gardener,
Though mild by nature, could not bear,
And lest the mole might more have said
He chopt its head off with the spade.

MEMORY.

The mother of the Muses, we are taught,
Is Memory : she has left me ; they remain ,
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
About the summer days, my loves of old.
Alas ! alas ! is all I can reply.
Memory has left with me that name alone,
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,
But her bright image in my darkest hour
Comes back, in vain comes back, call'd or uncall'd.
Forgotten are the names of visitors
Ready to press my hand but yesterday ;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye ;
To these, when I have written, and besought
Remembrance of me, the word *Dear* alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,
If thy stream carried only weeds away,
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

ERIN.

Erin ! thou art indeed of ancient race,
Erynnys bore thee, she who brought with her
That apple which retain'd in endless strife
Three Goddesses on Ida, she who urged
A few years later the fierce son of Thetis
To threaten Agamemnon : hardly could
Pallas withhold him, and his lifted sword.
Forgettest thou thy merriment, thy jokes,
Thy genial hours, thy hospitable heart
Swift to fly open with the whiskey-cork ?

Forgettest thou thy bard, who hurried home
From distant lands and, bent by poverty,
Reposed among the quiet scenes he loved
In native Auburn, nor disdain'd to join
The village dancers on the sanded floor ?
No poet since hath Nature drawn so close
To her pure bosom as her Oliver.
Thou hearest yet the melodies of Moore,

Who sang your blue-eyed maidens worthily,
If any voice of song can reach so high.

Why art thou, Erin, like a froward child
Struggling with screams to scratch its nurse's face,
And, pincht by hunger, throwing food away?
Thy harp sounds only discords: wilt thou never
Awake from dreams of murder? Shall the priest
Chaunt *pax vobiscum* and, before he leaves
The chapel, thrust a dagger in a hand
Working to grasp it?

But not all who chaunt
Are alike bloody-minded: one I knew
Familiar with his flock, nor much averse
To fare with it the seventh day, or sixth,
Or any other in the calendar.
By summer's heat his lips were often parcht,
By winter's cold as often. The Right Reverend
My lord the bishop scantily provided
For this poor brother; was it not enough
To own him, and to ask him how he did?
His modesty might have been deeply hurt
Had he seen sundry rents in certain parts
Where rents are most unseemly, and the girls
Might titter at 'em as they sew'd 'em up.
Then, had not the Right Reverend given him

Quite as much food as raven gave Elijah
 By that divine commission from above?
 Elijah was no curate, but a prophet,
 And men should feed according to their station.

Poor were my friend's parishioners : he met
 The wealthiest of them : " Faith and troth !" he
 cried,

" My eyes are ready to leap out to see
 Thy merry face, Mic ! Are all well at home?
 Judy, that pattern wife, Bess, that brave girl,
 Match for a lord, if lord were match for *her*."

" Bedad ! my eyes would have met yours halfway,"
 Said honest Mic, and kist the proffer'd hand.
 " Ours are all well ; but Bess hath two feet lame
 With chilblains, broken or about to break ;
 They plague her, and our Judy plagues her worse
 Because she would put stockings on, the minx !
 And how the devil find another pair
 Entire and dacent for Saint Patrick's day ?
 Judy's will fit no other leg than hers,
 And she has only one to bless her with,
 This one she cannot spare ; it may please God
 To send another in His own good time,
 And then, who knows ? we all must live in hope.
 Now, father, will your Reverence step indoors ?"

"Impossible, I must be home to dinner.
What have you? buttermilk?"

"The cow is kilt
And barrel'd, and at Bristow by the stamer."

"A slice of bacon?"

"Bacon? plenty, plenty,
Come Michaelmas, my blessed saint's own day.
Look yonder; there he lies and winks at us,
And rises not, even to your Reverence.
But he shall pay for it, come Michaelmas,
The pay-day and the saint's day the world over.
Grunt, grunt away, boy! thou shalt change thy
note

For shriller, longer-winded; wait awhile."

"Mic, we must all await the appointed hour.
Let him be aisy, and don't bother him
Because thou art the luckier of the two,
For thou canst shove thy sins upon my shoulder
And leave wet eyes behind when thine are dry."

"Father! that ugly baist hath made you low."

"Well, I do think I would be better for
A drop, or half a drop, of cool nate whiskey."

"Was ever such bad luck since stills were
stills!

Jue drank the last to comfort her poor child."

THE TWO NILES.

There are two Niles, the white and blue ;
Little it interests me and you
Whether this springs from a lagoon,
That from the mountains of the moon.
But whether our old Thames be ours
To-morrow, or another Power's,
Is now the question in dispute
And not a Briton should be mute.

Did ever wily France lie still,
Unsatisfied her ravenous will ?
Satisfied one brief hour, the next
Again she springs, and seems perplext
What else to lay her hands upon,
From Arctic to Antarctic zone,

And now she says aloud, “ *The Rhine*
With all on the left hand is mine.’
Proving it must be hers because
Her sword thrust down his throat her laws.

Thus if you catch a thief and tear
From him the stolen goods, “Beware,”
Cries he, “*Fait accompli ! let go.*”
He swears and shakes his fist.

Just so

Says France to Europe ; Europe hears,
Trembles, and staggers, and forbears.

FRA DOLCINO AND MARGARITA OF TRENT.

(Mariotti has related these events.)

Dolcino was pursued with fire and sword,
Until the bloodhounds which had suckt the dregs
Of Rome's old wolf had trackt him, coucht among
His native hills.

At Serravalle first
He halted briefly; there they scented him
Amid the faithful poor whose bread he ate.
Bread freely proffered and blest gratefully.
Next was his flight to the castellated
Robialto, where Biandrate held to him
A hospitable hand, a hand unmail'd
But rarely. Long the pious fugitive
Would not imperil him who stood observed

In eminence of station. More obscure
Emiliano Sola, who contrived
How from Dalmatia he might best return
To Italy, now brought to Campertogno
The weary pilgrim. Emiliano Sola
Would rather leave his home and fertile mead
Along Valsesia than desert his friend.
He loaded many teams with wheat and wool,
And drove before him oxen, freed from yoke,
Unused to mount steep crags ; the household dog
Followed, though oft rebukt, and halting oft
Under the shadow of the panting kine.
Two winters then were spent above the snow,
And food was wanting both for man and beast,
So that the direst famine shrivel'd them,
Leaving but hearts what they had been before.
Escape was none ; five thousand foes around,
After five thousand had already tinged
With ropy gore the Sesia, like red snakes
Twisting, convolving, clashing, numberless.

Who has not seen Varallo, and not paused
Amid the beauteous scene to mourn the fate
Of men so brave, of women brave no less,
Whose flesh was torn from them while wolves
around

Growl'd for it as 'twas cast into the flames ;
But there was little for them had they all.

Ranieri di Perzana was ordained
Lord Bishop of Vercelli, proud alike
Of crosier and of sword, and rendering each
Its service to the other ; princely state
Was his, with palaces and wide domains,
While over icebergs, over precipices,
Homeless and roofless, with eight hundred men,
Women, and children, Fra Dolcino fled.
“ Now,” said the bishop to his holy band,
“ See, what avails it to have purified
Our violated church with fire and blood
Of thousand thousand reprobates, while one
Defies us from his Alpine fastnesses,
Consorted with that wicked Margarita
Of Trent, who shares his faith and who pretends
To live with him in virgin purity,
Altho' she never took the cloistral vows
Nor call'd the Church's blessing.

They presume
To read that book which we alone may read,
Christ's WILL AND TESTAMENT, bequeathed to us,
Residuary legatees of all
In his rich treasury for our use lockt up,

And Peter's heir holds in his hand the key.
Against the abomination rise, my sons,
And leave on yonder mount no soul alive.
But there are some whom we may first convert.
Tell the rude rabble, snorting now and rearing
Against that sacred chair which Christ himself
Placed for St. Peter and St. Peter's heirs,
"That I prepare in my dispensary
An application for stiff necks and wry,
The which shall straiten them and set them up."
Familiarly and pleasantly, as wont,
Thus spake Ranieri, by the Grace of God
And God's vicegerent, Bishop of Vercelli.

A patriot, bold as those whose hardy deeds
He traces with a poet's fire, relates
How winter after winter, destitute
Of fuel and of food, these mountaineers
Maintained their post, nor daunted nor deceived.
How not the stronger sex alone sustained
The brunt of battle : of the weaker stood
A hundred, fighting til a hundred fell.
Men, it is said, by famine so reduced,
Have eaten their slain enemies ; one wretch,
Askt if 'twere worse to eat men than to slay,
To eat the murderer than to slay the helpless ;

Then, turning to a priest who taunted him,
“ *Madden’d by famine brought on us by you
We ate our enemies, you eat your God.*”
Pincers tore out the tongue that thus blasphemed.
After long winters and hard fights against
Successive hosts, the fortalice was won :
Few the survivors ; one Dolcino was,
Another was the virgin ; neither wish’d
For life, both yearn’d for truth and truth alone.
Dolcino was led forward : pots of pitch
And burning charcoal were paraded round
The cart that bore him, iron pincers glowed
With fire, and these contending priests applied
To every portion of his naked flesh
Until the bones were bare ; then was he dragg’d
Thither where Margarita stood above
Small fagots, for her lingering death prepared.
Few and faint words she spoke, nor heard he these.
“ Have we not lived together, O Dolcino,
In sisterhood and brotherhood a life
Of chastity, God helping this desire,
Nor leaving other in the cleansed heart.”
She paused ; his head hung low ; then added she
“ Our separation is the worst of pangs

We suffer: bear even this : pincers and barbs
I now feel too."

"Dolcino, art thou faint?
Speakest thou not? then is thy spirit fled,
Mine follows."

There was on each eye a tear
(For Margarita was but woman yet)
Not one had fallen, else the flames had dried it.
She uttered these last words, scarce audibly,
"Blessed be God, thou seest his face, Dolcino,
O may I see it! may he grant it soon!"

TO VENICE.


Dishonor'd thou hast been, but not debased,
O Venice ! he hastes onward who will bring
The girdle that enclosed thy virgin waist,
And will restore to thee thy bridal ring.

Venice ! on earth are reptiles who lift high
The crested head, both venomous and strong
Are they; and many by their fangs shall die,
But one calm watcher crushes them ere long.

So fare who ever twists in tortuous ways,
Strown with smooth promises and broken vows,
Who values drunken shouts, not sober praise,
And spurns the scanty pittance Truth allows.

SYRACUSE.

In brighter days the Dorian Muse
Extoll'd the kings of Syracuse.
Hieros and Gelons shook the rein
Of coursers on the Olympic plain,
Victors at Elis, where they won
A crown no king can leave his son.
There Pinder struck his harp aloud,
And shared the applauses of the crowd.
Then Science from deep study rais'd
A greater man than bards have praised.
When Syracuse met Roman foes,
Above her proudest he arose ;
He called from heaven the Lord of Light
To lend him his all-piercing might.
The patriot's pious prayer was heard,
And vaunting navies disappeared ;



Through clouds of smoke sparks widely flew,
And hissing rafts the shore bestrew ;
Some on the Punic sands were cast,
And Carthage was avenged at last.
Alas ! how fallen art thou since,
O Syracuse ! how many a prince
Of Gallia's parti-color'd brood
Have crept o'er thee to suck thy blood !
Syracuse ! raise again thy head,
Long hast thou slept, but art not dead.
A late avenger now is come
Whose voice alone can split the tomb.
Hearest thou not the world throughout
Cry Garibaldi ? One loud shout
Arises, and there needs but one
To shatter a polluted throne.

TO SIR RODERIC MURCHESON.

What see I through the mist of years ? a friend,
If the most ignorant of mortal men
In every science, may pronounce his name
Whom every science raises above all . .
Murcheson ! though art he.

 Upon the bank
Of Loir thou camest to me, brought by Hare
The witty and warm-hearted, passing through
That shady garden whose broad tower ascends
From chamber over chamber ; there I dwelt,
The flowers my guests, the birds my pensioners,
Books my companions, and but few beside.
After two years the world's devastor
Was driven forth, yet only to return
And stamp again upon a fallen race.
Back to old England flew my countrymen ;

Even brave Bentham, whose inventive skill
Baffled at Chesmè and submerged the fleet
Of Ottoman,* urged me to flight with him
Ere the infuriate enemy arrived.

I wrote to Carnot. *I am here at Tours,
And will remain.*

He prais'd my confidence
In the French honour; it was placed in *his*.
No house but mine was left unoccupied
In the whole city by the routed troops.
Ere winter came 'twas time to cross the Alps,
Como invited me; nor long ere came
Southey, a sorrowing guest, who lately lost
His only boy. We walkt aside the lake,
And mounted to the level downs above,
Where if we thought of Skiddaw, named it not.
I led him to Bellaggio, of earth's gems
The brightest.

We in England have as bright,
Said he, and turn'd his face toward the west.
I fancied in his eyes there was a tear,
I know there was in mine: we both stood still.
Gone is he now to join the son in bliss,

* Potemkin had the credit and the reward. The ships were built by Bentham on his own model, and he directed the attack.

Innocent each alike, one longest spared
To show that all men have not lived in vain.
Gone too is Hare : afar from us he lies
In sad Palermo, where the most accurst
Cover his bones with bones of free men slain.
Again I turn to thee, O Murcheson !
Why hast thou lookt so deep into the earth
To find her treasures? Gold we thought had
done

Its worst before : now fields are left untill'd,
And cheerful songs speed not the tardy woof.

How dare I blame thee? 'twas not thy offence,
And good from evil springs, as day from night.
The covetous and vicious delve the mine
And sieve the dross that industry may work
For nobler uses : soon shall crops arise
More plenteous from it, soon the poor shall dwell
In their own houses, and their children throw
Unstinted fuel on the Christmas blaze
With shouts that shake the holly-branch above.

TO ARTHUR DE NOE WALKER.

Arthur ! whose path is in the quiet shade,
After hot days in the wide wastes of war,
Where India saw thy sword shine bright above
The helms of thousand brave. Peace, wooed and
won,

Could not detain thee from that Tauric coast
Where lay the wounded, festering in their gore,
And none to raise them up, thou hastenedst
To succour : often thy strong shoulder bore
Amid the freezing sleet and heavier hail
The wretch whom Death lookt down on and
past by :

Thou fearedst not, for what hadst thou to fear
From Death ? the standard of his vanquisher
Thou never hast deserted ; thee he call'd
To work his will, and saw the call obey'd.

TO KOSSUTH,
PRESIDENT OF HUNGARY.

Man is not what God made him : God ordain'd
That he should walk upright and bend the brow
To Him alone ; God gave to Man our earth
Created by His breath few days before.
Kossuth ! what demons burst into the midst
Of this his Eden, this his Paradise,
These lofty trees that bore their fruit unpruned
Nor crawl'd upon by reptiles from below.
Look round thee, and what seest thou ? men in
form,
Gaming with minor men as they were dice
Or cards, and sweeping them from off the board.
What millions have succumb'd, and stil succumb,
To light these gamblers at their deadly game !
How many lands, once till'd, lie desolate
To widen their wild hunting-ground, and glut

With human venison the royal feast !
Exchanges are now made of flocks and herds
Biped : see Nice and Venice led in chains ;
See Poland, flay'd, dismember'd, parcel'd out
Among the bloodhounds ; see thy Hungary
Offer'd a note promissory instead
Of the seal'd parchment of her titled deeds.
The arctic icebergs make more nigh approach
Year after year to sunnier climes and threaten
To bar all intercourse of free with free :
In this condition is the world of Mind.

TO ALFIERI.

Alfieri, thou art present in my sight
Tho' far removed from us, for thou alone
Hast toucht the inmost fibres of the breast,
Since Tasso's tears made damper the damp floor
Whereon one only light came thro' the bars ;
Love brought it, and stood mute, with broken
wing.

The vision of Leonora could not raise
His heavy heart, and staid long nights in vain.

Thou scornedst thy own country, scorn thou
wouldst

Many who dwell within it now her bonds
Are broken : adulation at all times
Was her besetting sin, nor leaves her yet,
But thou couldst tell her, and couldst make her
hear,

That Corsic honey* which attracts the hive
Is poison . . turn then from the mortal taste.

* Much of the honey in Corsica is extracted from the flower of
box and unwholesome.

TO WILLIAM SANDFORD.

Sandford ! the friend of all the brave,
Whether sent forward to their grave,
Or whether wearing life away
With eyes that ache to see that day,
When freedom's arm shall rend the links
From him who groans and him who thinks.
The winds that vex the Appennines
And hold their children from the vines
Will soon lie down again, and rest
On Ocean's gentler-swelling breast.
Then, whether Rhodes your feet detain,
Or Scio with her merrier train,
Or Smyrna, proud of him she bore
And struggled for, in days of yore,
With six great cities . . leave them all
At more than Friendship's distant call,
For one has promist me to bring
Her rosebud hither in the spring.

If you find crowds upon their knees
And shaking off too festive fleas,
'Tis not in reverence of a saint
Glorious in gold, sublime in paint.
Look forward ; not far off you'll see
A saint as female saints should be.
No glory yet around her head
Is visible ; a ray of red
There is, this Modesty has given,
A gift she brought with her from heaven.
Distant she will not let you stand,
Nay, you shall even touch her hand.
This promise to you I will keep,
I can not promise you sound sleep.

TO COLONEL EDWARD STOPFORD.

O for the friends, the few I had,
The hearts my presence once made glad !
I mourn the memory ; those are gone
And, Stopford, you remain alone.
While you look back upon the day
You left behind the great and gay
Destin'd in Freedom's holy war
To guide the course of Bolivar,
Dozing below my Abbey's wall
I dreamt I heard a Muse's call . .
“ Come with me to Pan's favorite tree,
“ There is reserv'd a place for thee,
“ And there, if thou wilt wait awhile,
“ A Nymph may lean on thee and smile,
“ Until Maeonides appear
“ Bidding thee listen well, and hear
“ What to fit audience thou shalt tell,
“ By whom and where Pelides fell.”

TO CAREY,
ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO A LOW OFFICE
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Carey ! I fear the fruits are scanty
Thou gatherest from the fields of Dante,
But thou hast found at least a shed
Wherin to cram thy truckle-bed ;
The porter's lodge of the Museum
May daily hear thee sing *Te Deum*.

Peaches and grapes are mostly found
Richest the nearest to the ground :
Our gardeners take especial care
To keep down low all boughs that bear.
Dante's long labyrinthine line
Is straiten'd and drawn tight by thine :
Hell, devil, dog, in force remain,
And Paradise blooms fresh again.

AN OLD POET TO SLEEP.

No God to mortals oftener descends
Than thou, O Sleep ! yet thee the sad alone
Invoke, and gratefully thy gift receive.
Some thou invitest to explore the sands
Left by Pactolos, some to climb up higher,
Where points Ambition to the pomp of War ;
Others thou watchest while they tighten robes
Which Law throws round them loose, and they
meanwhile
Wink at a judge, and he the wink returns.
Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more
And ledest where unruffled rivers flow,
Or azure lakes neath azure skies expand.
These have no wider wishes, and no fears,
Unless a fear, in turning, to molest
The silent, solitary, stately swan,
Disdaining the garrulity of groves
Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.

Me also hast thou led among such scenes,
Gentlest of Gods ! and Age appear'd far off
While thou wast standing close above the couch,
And whispered'st, in whisper not unheard,
" I now depart from thee, but leave behind
My own twin-brother, friendly as myself,
Who soon shall take my place ; men call him
Death.

Thou hearest me, nor tremblest, as most do,
In sooth why shouldst thou ? what man hast thou
wrong'd

By deed or word ? few dare ask this within."

There was a pause ; then suddenly said Sleep
" He whom I named approacheth, so farewell."

TO THE EMPRESS.


Proud may be all who fairly claim
Montijo's unpolluted name,
Altho' I neither love nor hate
Those whom the vulgar call the great,
My heart is rais'd as bends my knee,
Bright lodestar of thy sex, to thee.

She whom my Stopford boasts for his
Thy girlish smile afar must miss.
On high Castilia's breezy plains
Loved by thy mother she remains,
And makes her at some hours forget
Her loss, and find a daughter yet.

These homely words each courtier bard
Around thee would with scoffs discard.
Wishes are left : of what ? Of wealth ?
There is enough where there is health ;
Of glory ? there where God approves
The woman whom a nation loves.
Unvaried be henceforth thy life,
Be blest as mother, blest as wife ;
With friends in every state sit down,
Nor feel the burden of a crown.

MARGUERITE.

Ah Marguerite ! with you are gone
The light and life of Kensington.
Alone in Florence, griev'd I view
Those scenes to which you bade adieu.
Oft, gazing from the river-wall
Up to the terrace, I recall
The happy evenings there we past,
Nor thought how briefly they would last.
Can Paris ever make amends
To *you* for Italy and friends ?
Can all the world to *me* atone
For losing you, and you alone,
Or for that yearly summons. . *Come*
While your two lilacs are in bloom ?



THE POETS OF SCOTLAND.

Thompson, there born where mist and snow
Are the sole change the Seasons know,
Saw them alternate in his dreams,
And woke to charm the Nymphs of Thames.
The generous Scott and stalwart Burns
Blew Caledonia's pipe by turns ;
And Campbell with no fainter voice
Bade her in one more bard rejoice,
When Hohenlinden made reply
To "*Glorious death or victory !*"

Jonson to Shakespeare was preferr'd
By the bell-jingling low-brow'd herd,
Cowley to Milton. Who would mind
The stumbles of the lame and blind ?

We may regret their sad estate,
But can not make them amble strait

In youth I heard a story told,
Written, it seems, in days of old,
About a lawyer and a dog,
And it was styled an *Apologue*.
Perhaps it may be truth ; if so,
It must have happened long ago,
For now the name of Slick is known
Among the Americans alone.

CHARLES II. OF SPAIN,

TO HIS PRIME MINISTER,

Medina Ceti, you well know
Our treasury is sadly low,
And I have scarcely in my pocket
Enough to buy the queen a locket.
Now surely out of twenty-one
Burnt heretics, 'twere better done
To have put under every man
And woman a wide dripping-pan ;
We might have lighted, had we done so,
The Virgin and Saint Ildefonso.

THE SPITEFUL.

There are who, when they read a book
 And find not that for which they look,
 Spit venom over every page
 With viperine and deadly rage.
 What hurts them so ? if hurt is done
 'Tis by their home-fed scorpion.
 Imprudently they lick their sore,
 A rabid tongue inflames it more.

PROPHECY.

The Mexicans will flay the Spaniards
 And throw their skins into the tanyards ;
 The tawny tribes around will wrench
 Their beards and whiskers off the French,
 And, after a good hearty scourging,
 Devote them to the Blessed Virgin.

ON A STONE IN A FIELD,
GIVEN TO THE POOR BY LUCY LADY NUGENT.

Thou liest within the church's door,
Lucy, thou mother of the poor !
Nugent, my friend from early years,
Freshens this turf with daily tears,
Where many wretches bend the knee
Who were less wretched once thro' thee.

I R O N Y.

Irony is the imp of wit,
The truly witty banish it.
Where are the mountebank and clown
Who can not turn things upside down ?
When one has fail'd in his endeavour
The other cries, Looky ! thou art clever.

ALARM AT ROME.

We fear that Christ must come once more
To land Saint Peter on our shore,
For never were the Fisher's sails
So torn and tattered by the gales.
What if his Lord he did deny,
And added many another lie,
Was he not long ago forgiven
And made the viceroy king of heaven ?
Must he then stoop his crown from thence
To catch in it a pauper's pence ?
O shame of shames ! his eldest son
Quizzes, and cries *By Jove ! what fun !*

ON SOUTHEY'S TOMB.

Few tears, nor those too warm, are shed
 By poet over poet dead.
 Without premeditated lay
 To catch the crowd, I only say,
 As over Southey's slab I bend,
 The best of mortals was my friend.

Cursing Milton, Hampden, Sidney,
 And all others of their kidney,
 Satan's sons, who drew the sword
 'Gainst the anointed of our Lord,
 Whence this day hath been appointed,
 Sacred to our Lord's anointed,
 We will close it with a prayer
 Such as He may deign to hear.

Short prayer after long banning.

“ Ever be there worshipt by us
 Kings as merciful and pious !

Live, Sweetbriar, and protect the bones
Of him who lies beneath these stones.
Tho' perriwinkles cover o'er
His relics, they can do no more.
Bid idle girls, who come to gather
Thy blossoms, look for others rather,
Showing them, if they will not mind,
Avenger Nemesis is behind,
Who threatens they shall search in vain
That finger with the guilty stain.

They smile on us by Time cut down
Who always while we lived lookt sour,
So grass smells sweetest when it's mown
Than fresh and waving in full flower.

TO MEMORY.



Thy daughters often visit me
And call thee mother, Memory !
Doubtful if thou art quite divine,
I never askt them who was thine
Altho' these children are so good,
There's somewhat acrid in thy blood,
For here and there I think I trace
A more than freckle in thy face.
Why tell me how serenely bright
Shone over me the morning light?
Why lead me backward far away
And make me wish for close of day ?



To see the cities and to know the men
Of many lands, in youth was Homer's lot;
In age to visit his far home agen
The Gods, who never feel it, granted not.

How many lives we live in threescore years !
If any Power could bring *one* back again
Would we accept it, offer'd us entire,
Forbidden to scoop out the price alone ?
We think we would ; but never did deceit
Illude us more : a little while we look,
And but a little, on the proffer'd gift,
Then we start off from it, and feebly cry
“ Go restless youth ! insatiate manhood ! go...
Age ! art thou here too ? ”

Let us bend an arm
Under the weary head and doze awhile ;
Before another noon we may have found
A softer turf for sleeper, 'tis the grave's.

THE DAUGHTER OF DANTE.

Thou, Beatrice, hast found an earlier rest *
 Than did thy father (holy as thyself)
 In this Ravenna. May we hope that he
 Shall view from heaven his countrymen at last
 Loose from Teutonic and from Gallic chains,
 And other more disgraceful forged at Rome.

TO ROSE.

Another may despise my verse
 And cry, *What poet could write worse,*
With Loves in legions at his beck
And looking at them from her neck.

I see them quite as well as they,
 And haply what I see might say,
 But I have always known that you
 Far beyond all things prize the true,
 And that you raise your eyes above
 And list to Virtue more than Love,
 Tho' amicably both contend
 To take precedence as your friend.

* In the Convent of St Stefano dell' Uliva.

ON THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

I am invited (why ?) in latin phrase
To write thy epitaph.

Two glorious men,
Sydney, have borne thy name through distant lands,
But here no sailor, here no orphan, lifts
His mournful head to read what Rome would write
And place among the noblest, wert thou hers.

Children, in earlier or in later life,
May play grave follies in the sculptured aisle,
And lengthen out in it the stiffer tongue ;
It suits not me to make the rustic stare
And ask what booby never learnt to spell
A name that every cabin-boy has chalkt,
And every sunday-school-girl has prickt out
Upon her sampler for the brighter silk,
The name of Sidney ; of that Admiral
Who left his ship and stood on Acre's tower
Tottering beneath him, and drove back dismayed
The renegade of honor and of God.

More than one realm by that one blow he saved ;
Some by their weakness are about to fall,
Some by their violence...may these fall the first !

TO THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN,
ON THE DECEASE OF GEN. SIR W. NAPIER.

You, who can trace with golden pen
The features of departed men,
Leave darling Poesy awhile
On weaker, giddier, heads to smile.
Now two less happy years are gone
And Sorrow further off has flown,
Show how your father knew to blend
The sage, the soldier, and the friend,
To make even History love Truth,
At variance from their early youth.

TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Pleas'd was I when you told me how
 In hat that buffeted the brow
 And mason's loose habiliment
 With masons thro' Ham's gate you went.
 Heartily glad was I to see
 A prisoner, though a prince, set free.

“Prince!” said I, “you’ve escaped two worst
 Of evils.”

“I have known a first,”

Said you; “but that is only one,
 Tell me the other.”

“’Tis a throne.”

I could not add what now I might,
 It keeps the worthy out of sight,
 Nor lets the sinner sit upright.

Can there be pleasure to keep down
 In rusty chains a struggling town?
 Can there be any to hear boom
 Your cannon o’er the walls of Rome?
 Or shows it strength to break a word
 As easily as girls a cord

Of flimsy cotton, when the bell
 Calls them to dinner?...To rebel
 Against rebellion in your eyes
 Is criminal, to crouch is wise.
 Louis ! your father thought not so ;
 His scepter he disdain'd to owe
 To falsehood ; all his cares he bent
 To make the realm he ruled content.
 He proved, what many people doubt
 As often as they look about,
 A wonderful unheard of thing...
 An honest man may be a king.

Lyndhurst came up to me among
 A titled and untitled throng,
 And after a few words were said
 About the living and the dead,
 Whom we had known together more
 Than half a century before,
 He added : " Faith ! your choice was best
 Amid the woods to build a nest.
 But why so seldom wing it down,
 To look at us who toil in town ?"
 " Would you change place with me ?" said I.
 To this a laugh was a reply.

TO CHAUCER.

Chaucer, O how I wish thou wert
Alive and, as of yore, alert !
Then, after bandied tales, what fun
Would we two have with monk and nun.
Ah, surely verse was never meant
To render mortals somnolent.
In Spenser's labyrinthine rhymes
I throw my arms o'erhead at times,
Opening sonorous mouth as wide
As oystershells at ebb of tide.
Mistake me not : I honour him
Whose magic made the Muses dream
Of things they never knew before,
And scenes they never wandered o'er.
I dare not follow, nor again
Be wafted with the wizard train.

No bodyless and soulless elves
I seek, but creatures like ourselves.
If any poet now runs after
The Faeries, they will split with laughter,
Leaving him in the desert, where
Dry grass is emblematic fare.
Thou wast content to act the squire
Becomingly, and mount no higher,
Nay, at fit season to descend
Into the poet with a friend,
Then ride with him about thy land
In lithesome nutbrown boots well-tann'd,
With lordly greyhound, who would dare
Course against law the summer hare,
Nor takes to heart the frequent crack
Of whip, with curse that calls him back.
The lesser Angels now have smiled
To see thee frolic like a child,
And hear thee, innocent as they,
Provoke them to come down and play.

Lyons! thou art a grateful city,
To feel for Pius so much pity.

His velvet slippers now look neater,
With so much bullion clubbed for Peter.
But thou could'st offer nothing less,
For wearing thy embroider'd dress,
Well suiting that three-storied steeple,
Ringing its bells above the people,
Instead of harbouring those poor
Who now infest thy weaver's door.

TO SIR SAMUEL MEYRICK.

Meyrick, when I had gazed on all
The treasures round each trophied wall,
Where armour of past ages shows
How brave were some whom no one knows,
You did not point out, just beneath,
The house of him* who conquer'd Death,
Swift that dragon who fought with pen,
Against the chief of black-mail'd men
Who kickt, headforemost, Truth downstairs
On grudging him his pence for prayers.

* Swift's family was from Goodrick.

TO GENERAL CLARGES.

Threescore and ten the years since Rugby saw
My bloody battles on the cricket-ground,
And, Clarges, you remember that I fought
Never with any but an older lad,
And never lost but two fights in thirteen.
Why wonder then if I so little heed
The petulance of weaker than myself,
Who play the judge and take the seat above?
See you not what they want? they scarce hope
 wrath,
It would be something would I but reply.
I let them light on any balder place,
As flies do, and forbear to whisk them off;
To buffet them is but an invitation
To come again and blacken the repast.

REMONSTRANCE TO MACAULAY, ON ATTACKING THE MEMORY OF W. PENN.

Macaulay ! Envy's self must praise
The spirit of thy Roman "*Lays*."
None cheer'd more heartily than I
When the triumphal car roll'd by,
Follow'd by songs which well become
The chaste and stately Muse of Rome.

Why drawest thou a gall-black pen
Across the face of quiet men ?
Deserves he this who mildly taught
That some are brave yet never fought,
Who dared mid fiercest hordes to stand
With open breast and open hand.
He show'd them what their soil could bear
Better than tomahawk and spear ;
That the Great Spirit, lord of all
More gladly hears the widow's call
Than cruelly exultant yell
Shaking the very gate of Hell.

Macaulay ! let one hero rest
By millions after millions blest.

REMONSTRANCE AND ADVICE TO BYRON.

Say, Byron, why is thy attar
Profusely dasht with vinegar?
Each of them in its place is good,
But neither fit for daily food.
Open thy latticed window wide
For breezes from the Ægæan tide;
And from Hymettus may its bee
Bear honey on each wing to thee:
But keep apart these two perfumes
For hospitals and drawing-rooms.

Now one more counsel: let alone
The fatty that outflanks the throne,
Nor fancy you can cure a leper
With poultices of cayenne-pepper.

THORWALDSEN LEAVING ROME FOR COPENHAGEN.

Thorwaldsen, thou art going forth
To brave the breezes of the north.
Its star attracts thee, and (above
That stedfast star) the star of Love ;
Not Love the God whom poets feign
To lead us idlers in his train,
But such as patriots see him stand
Pointing toward their native land.
Revisit her, but leave behind
The brood of thy creative mind.

Partial is Italy to those
Hearing whose voice the Arts arose,
Amid them Buonarotti sate,
Proud monarch of a triple state,
Until he bow'd his aged head
And bade thee reign o'er one instead.

THE CONTRITE PRIEST.

Incline, O Mary, from thy throne
 To hear a contrite sinner own
 His manifold and grievous sins,
 Thick as the serried ranks of pins,
 But first (for time is precious) hear
 What the black score in part may clear.

I always ate (for 'twas thy wish,
 On Fridays we should dine on fish)
 Turbot or lamprey or whate'er
 The cook thought proper to prepare ;
 Ay, I have been constrain'd to stoop
 To creeping things, and sigh o'er soup
 Founded on oysters, taught to swim
 For the first time in beardless trim.

Ah, lady ! couldst thou only know
 The anguish of my heart and toe !
 Help ! tis impossible without
 Thy help to keep at bay the gout.

SCENE.

JAMES II. OF SCOTS, EARL OF ATHOL, SIR ROBERT STEW-
ART, HIS GRANDSON, AND GRAHAM.

*Scene:—A bed-chamber in the Dominican Convent,
Perth.*

KING.

Uncle! and thou too with these murderers!
Nay, hide not thy grey head behind that door
Half broken down. See I thee, cousin Robert?
Thee, with a dagger in thy grasp! the intent
Is plain. I ask no grace of thee, for thou
Who never hast known love canst not know pity

EARL.

If thou hadst not, this realm had never stoopt
Before a scepter in a stranger's hand.

GRAHAM.

We come to vindicate our country's rights
And have no time to parley.

EARL.

Thou, my liege,
Hast injured all of us. What lord is safe
In his own castle from thy vengeful laws ?

GRAHAM.

Answer us that.

KING.

What honest traveler
Is safe from rapine where your wide domains
And power usurpt from sovereignty extend.

GRAHAM.

Are there no ladies in this land of ours
Worthy to mate with any king ?

KING.

Yea, many.

GRAHAM.

Why then should England force upon the throne
An alien brood.

KING.

Cease, villain ! I was free.
So are ye all in this ; rich, poor, alike ;
Are kings alone debarr'd ? I chose a mate
Of royal blood, not for her royalty,
Unless such royalty as God imparts
When he gives grace and virtue ; these are Jane's.
Would ye slay her too ?

EARL.

We war not with women.

KING.

Ye war against them when ye strike the breast
They cling to.

EARL.

Thou shouldst have been stil her minstrel.
Is it becoming in a king to ride
About the country with a single groom,
And crouch thro' half-rooft cottages, and ask
The creatures to complain of aught amiss?
As if they had not plenty to blab out
Against their lords; are they not our born serfs?
Answer us that.

KING.

I am God's bailiff, sir,
Not yours, to Him alone I give account.

GRAHAM.

That shalt thou speedily; the book is closed;
Take it him.

EARL.

Well done, Graham, strike again.

GRAHAM.

He folds his cloak around him so, and lifts
So high both upright arms, there is no place.

EARL

Well, well, methinks we have done enough to-
day.
He speaks tho'.

KING.

Robert ! art *thou* here ?

ROBERT.

My liege !

Here am I. What may be our lord's commands ?

KING.

Thou at least art no robber...take my ring...
Give it to *her*..but first wipe off the blood
If there be any on it.

GRAHAM.

She has one,
And can not want another : ruby rings
Suit ill for marriages, and worse for deaths.

ROBERT.

Peace, Graham, peace.
Sire, thy behest is sacred.

KING.

Robert ! thou art again for this half-hour
What thou wast when we both were only boys.

ROBERT.

Sire, your breath fails you.
(*Aside*) Faith ! and mine fails too.

KING.

Give it her...call some holy man ..haste...go.

A B E R T A W Y.

It was no dull tho' lonely strand
Where thyme ran o'er the solid sand,
Where snap-dragons with yellow eyes
Lookt down on crowds that could not rise,
Where Spring had fled with dew the moss
In winding dells two strides across.
There tiniest thorniest roses grew
To their full size, nor shared the dew:
Acute and jealous, they took care
That none their softer seat should share;
A weary maid was not to stay
Without one for such churls as they.
I tugg'd and lugg'd with all my might
To tear them from their roots outright;
At last I did it..eight or ten...
We both were snugly seated then;
But then she saw a half-round bead,
And cried, *Good gracious! how you bleed!*

Gently she wiped it off, and bound
With timorous touch that dreadful wound.
To lift it from its nurse's knee
I fear'd, and quite as much fear'd she,
For might it not increase the pain
And make the wound burst out again ?
She coaxed it to lie quiet there
With a low tune I bent to hear ;
How close I bent I quite forgot,
I only know I hear it yet.
Where is she now ? Call'd far away,
By one she dared not disobey,
To those proud halls, for youth unfit,
Where princes stand and judges sit.
Where Ganges rolls his widest wave
She dropt her blossom in the grave ;
Her noble name she never changed,
Nor was her nobler heart estranged.

PRAYER OF WALTER MAPES TO
HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

Beatitude ! we humbly ask
For each poor priest his second flask.
Hourly we pray for daily bread.
Take half, and give us wine instead.
Thou keepest, as we know, the keys
Of heaven and earth ; now, one of these
Can ope the cellar as thou wilt ;
Trust us, no drop shall there be spilt.
If ever should a vintage fail
(God help us !) we must come to ale.
In sooth our sins deserve it all,
Yet never may such evil fall
Upon the priesthood and the grapes
Most fervently prays Walter Mapes.

VICTOR HUGO.

Whether a poet yet is left
 In France I know not, and who knows?
 But Hugo, of his home bereft,
 In quiet Jersey finds repose.

Honour to him who dares to utter
 A word of truth in writ or speech
 In Hugo's land the brave but mutter
 Half one, in dread whose ear it reach.

CROMWELL.

God's servant, Milton's friend ! what higher praise
Can man attain who labors all his days ?
Protector of three realms ! a power was thine
Dangerous to hold, more dangerous to resign.
England proclaimed thee with her trumpet voice,
And England's will was ever Cromwell's choice.
Let weaker men, and weaker all men are,
How they would mount such eminence beware.
Outcast of his own slaves, one dared to mock
The voice of Truth...he rots upon a rock :
The vultures and the cormorants fly round
To feast upon a heart so long unsound.
Each says, "*I am his kindred ; and the least
He should bequeath me is a final feast.*"

Cunning the wretch may be, but never wise.
Who thinks a head is safe that rests on lies.

THE PRIEST AND THE SINNER.



Once an old sinner call'd a priest
And told him he would be confest.
The priest in horror heard him tell
Sin after sin, and threaten'd hell
With all its torments after death,
Its fires, its gnashings of the teeth
Eternally : to all the rest
Denounced as certain by the priest
The wretch grew more and more afraid,
But what about the teeth was said
Seem'd more like comfort : the good father
No reasons for such change could gather.
He cried, "Thou shudderest not, my son,
At what so soon is coming on."
"Alas !" the penitent exclaimed,
"I shuddered when that fire was named.
Now, father, if they would but spare
That cursed fire, I should not care
About the teeth ; but two remain,
And they can never gnash again."

ON THE POISONING OF SPARROWS.

My fondled ones ! whom every day
 In childhood I call'd forth to play,
 A call ye minded not until
 The crumbs were on the window-sill ;
 Then down ye fluttered ; then ye fought
 More fiercely than good sparrows ought,
 For there was not a speckled breast
 To cause a jealous one unrest,
 And not a Lesbia at whose beck
 There came a pouting lip to peck.

Ah me ! what rumour do I hear ?
 It makes me shrivel up with fear.
 Can it...it never can...be true,
 That poison is prepared for *you*,
 Who clear the blossoms as they shoot
 And watch the bud and save the fruit ?
 Turn, turn again your sideling eyes
 On one more grateful and more wise.

DICKENS.

You ask me what I see in Dickens. .
A game-cock among bantam chickens.

THE COLONELS' CRY.

Sire! sire! cast off the worn-out garb
Of that old Brutus ; mount thy barb,
Leap o'er the Channel, spurn and spit on
The turbulent and faithless Briton.
Blood we must have, for without blood
Who can digest his daily food?
Give us it ; rather than have none,
We would a brother's or our own.
Already are our brave made frantic
By their confinement to the Atlantic,
When Glory, true French Glory, calls
To batter Montezuma's walls.
Remember, 'tis your mission, sire,
To set two hemispheres a fire.

A MOTHER TO A BOY.



“ God writes down every idle word
He and His Angels round have heard.
So spake a mother : in reply
The little fellow cried, “ *O my !*
His writing I should like to see ;
How big the copybook must be !
Can you not let me get a peep,
Mamma, before I go to sleep ? ”

THE VIRGIN OF IMPRUNETA.

In Impruneta may be seen
An image of our heavenly queen,
Who once appear'd in full court-dress
Us, who adore her there, to bless ;
Hence amethysts and sapphires shine
For ever round that head divine.
But lest the other self awake
Our piety, and we mistake,
She makes her face as black as ink,
And seldom has been known to wink.
We pray the black for timely rain,
The white to send the sun again.

GIRL AND DIOGENES.

"Men call you *dog* : now tell me why,"
 A little girl said : in reply
 Diogenes said, smiling at her,
 "My child ! how wickedly men flatter !"

My verses, all I wrote of late,
 To Vulcan I would dedicate,
 But it is right that you precede
 With larger offering, gentle Reade !

TO ROSE.

I see a man whom age should make more wise
 Unable to repress his swelling sighs
 At sight of you. Ah ! let him be forgiven...
 Thus swells old Ocean when the queen of heaven
 In fullest, brightest, majesty appears,
 Ascending calmly mid attendant stars.

TO A LITERARY CONFRATERNITY.

Keep honest, sobersided men,
 Across your mouths the impatient pen,
 I will supply you with a dozen
 When your ink ceases to be frozen.

“Come, let us fight, my boy !” said one,
 Boldly enough, to Philip’s son :
 And cooly Philip’s son replied
 “I fight with kings, and none beside.”

Pardon our enemies, we pray
 Devoutly every sabbath-day ;
 Ere the next morn we change our notes,
 And blow them up or cut their throats.
 Above us and below meanwhile
 The Angels weep, the Devils smile.

Unhappy he whom Love beguiles
With wavering and insidious smiles ;
Unhappier, who has lived to prove
That Friendship is as frail as Love.

Snap at me, Malice ! snap ; thy teeth are rotten
And hurt me not : all know thee misbegotten !
The cureless evil runs throughout thy race,
And from Cain downward thy descent we trace.

There are a hundred now alive
Who buz about the summer hive,
Alas ! how very few of these
Poor little busy poet bees
Can we expect again to hum
When the next summer shall have come.


A scholar was about to marry,
His friend said, " Ere thou dost, be wary.
So wise art thou that I forsee
A wife will make a fool of thee.

Foolishest of all fools are those
Wise men led daily by the nose.
It hardly seems a woman's while
The fond half-witted to beguile :
And yet I must confess, my friend,
Sometimes they do so condescend.

They tell us, the persuasive Greek,
When from the bema he would speak,
To make more clear some weighty truth
Roll'd a round pebble in his mouth.
Napoleon, try this help again,
Or any other, to speak plain,
For now, your words so strangely jar,
War sounds like peace and peace like war.

TO A GERMAN.

You think all liquor must be weak if clear,
Find wit in Goethe, miss it in Voltaire.
Your beer has plenty both of malt and hop,
But of the bright and sparkling not a drop.



A ROYAL PRESENT TO A LEARNED PROFESSOR.

George * sent the skull of Robert Bruce
To Blumenbach. "Sire ! of what use,"
Said Blumenbach, "is Bruce's skull ?
And who was Bruce ? now, were it full
Of hock or (better) old tokay,
I'd drink your health some jolly day
And never mind whose scalp it was,
But toss it off and let it pass."

* George IV., who knew little of Blumenbach and cared less
for Bruce, whom the learned Blumenbach had never heard of.—
See HAYWARDS' FAUST, p. 329.

THE SQUIRE.

A village church one Sabbath-day,
Many had entered there to pray.
Some knelt along the flagstone floor,
Old men, old women, halt and poor.
Piously in response they said
“ *Give us this day our daily bread.*”
Whether they got it, I don’t know,
But twice or thrice they pleaded so.
Those words the squire repeated too
Above his cushion’d gilt nail’d-pew.
Sudden a distant shot he heard,
And up his portly girth was reared.
“ Jim !” cried he, “ *drowsy devil ! run,
Tell keeper...by the Lord !...a gun !
Zounds ! I am always in bad luck...
Perhaps there goes my fattest buck !*”

A FUNERAL.

A hearse is passing by in solemn state,
 Within lies one whom people call the great.
 Its plumes seem nodding to the girls below
 As they gaze upward at the rareeshow, [run
 Boys from the pavement snatch their tops, and
 To know what in the world can be the fun.

FRIENDS.

The heaviest curse that can on mortal fall
 Is "who has friends may he outlive them all!"
 This malediction has awaited me
 Who had so many...I could once count three.

FAVOUR.

On holy Westminster's recording-stone
 Hallam has epitaph, and Napier none!

We have old women and to spare
 None fit to judge like thine, Moliere ;
 Youngsters and dotards shove to teach,
 And carp at what they can not reach.

Belzebub, never be afraid
 To lose thy chaplain doctor Wade,
 No sleeping partner, tired of trade.

In church he neither prays nor preaches,
 Mobs, all that mobs require, he teaches,
 Well leaven'd at thy fire his speeches.
 Without a fee he will not have
 His mother's touch his father's grave ;
 Thy imps hear this and cry *O brave !*

He says, " In Paradise the trees
 " Grew well apart, for sun and breeze,
 " Why closer then my plants than these ?
 " Tombs are but momuments to pride
 " In chancels : I can ill abide
 " Such practise."

Then he adds, aside,
 " Yet our poor brethren must be fed
 " On bodies that are cased in lead,
 " So...give ten pounds...and bless the dead."

The slender birds enjoy their cages,
Captivity the strong enrages.
While piping finches wag their tails
Before the catcher at Versailles,
Against the Czar the brave rebell
And hate the Kaisar worse than hell.

With frowning brow o'er pontif-kings elate.
Stood Dante, great the man, the poet great.
Milton in might and majesty surpast
The triple world, and far his shade was cast.
On earth he sang amid the Angelic host,
And Paradise to him was never lost.
But there was one who came these two between
With larger light than yet our globe had seen.
Various were his creations, various speech
Without a Babel he bestow'd on each.
Raleigh and Bacon towered above that earth
Which in their day had given our Shakespeare birth,
And neither knew his presence ! they half-blind
Saw not in him the grandest of mankind.

Flies have alighted on the shanks of Pan,
 And some have settled upon Homer's head;
 We whisk them off with jewel-studded fan
 Till few escape and many more lie dead.

Ye who have toil'd uphill to reach the haunt
 Of other men who lived in other days,
 Whether the ruins of a citadel
 Rais'd on the summit by Pelasgic hands,
 Or chamber of the distaff and the song...
 Ye will not tell what treasure there ye found,
 But I will.

Ye found there the viper laid
 Full-length, flat-headed, on a sunny slab,
 Nor loth to hiss at ye while crawling down.
 Ye saw the owl flap the loose ivy leaves
 And, hooting, shake the berries on your heads.

Now, was it worth your while to mount so high
 Merely to say ye did it, and to ask
 If those about ye ever did the like?
 Believe me, O my friends, 'twere better far
 To stretch your limbs along the level sand
 As they do, where small children scoop the drift,
 Thinking it must be gold, where curlews soar
 And scales drop glistening from the prey above.

Why wouldst thou hang thyself, O Kett?
 If all God's laws thou didst forget,
 One English law was worth recalling
 To memory...that against forestalling.

Where, Cross of Savoy ! shall be found
 To fix thee on, a palm of ground?
 The Church's son by right divine
 Seizes on every span of thine.
 But do not so lament thy loss
 While yet remains another Cross :
 A sister Cross of prouder stem
 Invites thee to Jerusalem.
 Jerusalem thou stil mayst get to,
 Mounting an Angel at Loreto.

From Youth's bright wing the soonest fall
 The brightest feathers of them all :
 Few of the others that remain
 Are there without some darker stain ;
 Youth, when at these old Age looks grim,
 Cries, "*Who the devil cares for him ?*"

WRITTEN IN A CATULLUS.

Among these treasures there are some
That floated past the wreck of Rome ;
But others, for their place unfit,
Are sullied by uncleanly wit.
So in its shell the pearl is found
With rank putridity around.

Upon his death-bed lay a pagan priest ;
A pious brother when the worst had ceast
Consoled him thus.

“ Think now what pleasure yields
The nearer prospect of Elysian fields,”
“ Ah ! said he, “ all about those fields we know
But mushrooms, are good mushrooms there below?”

Toward Maiano let me look again
 Across my narrow plain.
 What there to see? an image, nothing more.
 Nina, in days of yore,
 There listened to the warbling of that bird
 Whose voice last night I heard
 Just opposite my terrace; it had kept
 My heart awake, nor slept
 All night itself. . . Maiano, she may claim
 The grandest Tuscan name.
 Nina of Dante; she it was whose song
 Was felt our woods among
 Before the mightier Alighieri rose
 To blast his country's foes.
 Above these olives I shall often see,
 Nina! the Shade of thee.

The sea has depths no plummet-line
 Can reach, no science can divine;
 And earth has poems so profound
 No line can ever reach the ground;
 They fly about in empty air
 And boys catch at 'em here and there.

A poor artificer had sold
 Some sweepings of his master's gold,
 And when he was brought into court
 The jury had condemned him for't,
 But the wise judge, more angry with
 The plaintiff than the needy smith,
 Said, "Is it not too shabby, sir,
 To make for sweepings such a stir?"
 "My lord," said he, "you little know
 The worth of gold who reckon so.
 These sweepings in a year or two
 Weigh more than what the king pays you."

"Call me not forth," said one who sate retired,
 Whom Love had once, but Envy never, fired.
 "I scorn the crowd: no clap of hands he seeks
 Who walks among the stateliest of the Greeks."

Sometimes a Jesuit's* words are true,
 For proof one specimen may do.
 "To malice all an ear incline,
 "Even the few who don't malign."

* Vavassor.

Blest are the bad alone while here;
 Alone they never shed a tear,
 The wise and virtuous grieve the most . .
 Southey, until all sense was lost,
 Bewail'd a son's untimely end,
 And Tennyson embalm'd a friend.
 I dare not place my name with those,
 But have not I, too, wept for Rose?

My fragrant *Lime*, I loved thee long before,
 Rose calls thee *Linden*, now I love thee more.
 Her breath can make the unripe blossom blow,
 And Spring revive afresh, entombed in snow.

Squibs, crackers, serpents, rockets, Bengal lights,
 Lead thousands running to the Dardanelles,
 Where girls by sackfuls bubble thro' the wave ;
 I, leaving good old Homer, not o'erlong,
 Enjoy the merriment of Chaucer's tales
 Or louder glee of the large-hearted Burns,
 And then partaking Southey's wholesome fare,
 Plenteous, and savoury, without spice, I turn,
 To my own sofa, where incontinent
 Wordsworth's low coo brings over me sound sleep.

Rancour is often the most bitter
 Between two mongrels of one litter.
 The old bitch Themis grins to teach
 Her whelps where lies the prey for each.
 They crack the hard, they tear the tough,
 And never think they gorge enough.
 From Death alone would they crouch back,
 For Death shows bones they can not crack.

Fiesole's bishop overlookt
 A flock of lambkins, these he crookt
 With crook that slightly hurt the skin
 Of those he tenderly drew in.
 I would have seen the little flock,
 But found the fold was under lock.
 I heard some sighs and .'. *Oh my lord!*
 Then followed not another word.

Why should the scribblers discompose
 Our temper? would we look like those?
 There are some curs in every street
 Who snarl and snap at'all they meet:
 The taller mastif deems it aptest
 To lift a leg and play the baptist.

WRITTEN IN SPAIN.

Citius ! wherefor here exude
 Til drowsy flocks forget their food ?
 Thy soporific incense keep
 For church, where all are bound to sleep.

ADVICE TO AN OLD POET.

After edition comes edition,
 And scarce a dozen copies gone ;
 Suppose you take another "mission"
 And let the weary press alone.

RECALL OF SIR EDMUND HEAD.

Our ministers, we hear, recall
 The Governor from Montreal.
 I wonder whom they send instead,
 I only know they want a Head.

Two rival lawyers, Gabb and Gabell,
 Make Abergany comfortable.
 To Welshmen stiff and heady quarrels
 Are needful as their *corn*-barrels ;
 Of both they quaff, sup after sup,
 Until they fairly are laid up.

Thou hast not lost all glory, Rome !
 With thee have found their quiet home
 To whom we followers most admire
 Of those that swell our sacred quire ;
 And many a lowered voice repeats
 Hush ! here lies Shelley ! here lies Keats !

A FOREN RULER.

He says, *My reign is peace*, so slays
A thousand in the dead of night.
Are you all happy now? he says,
And those he leaves behind cry *quite*.
He swears he will have no contention,
And sets all nations by the ears ;
He shouts aloud, *No intervention!*
Invades, and drowns them all in tears.

A DOMESTIC RULER.

Outrageous hourly with his wife is Peter,
Some do aver he has been known to beat her.
“*She seems unhappy*,” said a friend one day,
Peter turn’d sharply . . . “What is that you say?
Her temper you have there misunderstood,
She dares not be unhappy, if she wou’d.”

Of those who speak about Voltaire
 The least malicious are unfair.
 The groundlings neither heed nor know
 The victories of Apollo's bow ;
 What powers of darkness he withstood
 And stampt upon the Python's blood.
 Observing stil his easy pace,
 They call it levity, not grace.

A dying man was sore perplext
 About what people would do next.
 " Now was it not too bad that lead
 Should fasten down the helpless dead ?
 And iron coffins must be made
 To suit the tricksters of the trade !
 I will not have one, for I doubt
 How in the world I should get out.
 A strip of deal is not so tough,
 Yet may be troublesome enough.

" Song of the Shirt." Strange ! very strange,
 This shirt will never want a change,
 Nor ever will wear out so long
 As Britain has a heart or tongue.

REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

*Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our couch shall be roses all spangled with dew.*

Tommy Moore, Tommy Moore, I'll be hang'd if I
do,

It would give me a cough, and a rheumatise too.

The girl who is prudent, I take it would rather

Repose (and alone) upon horsehair or feather.

Poor Peggy O'Corcoran listened to some

Who sang in her ear, *Will you come? Will you
come?* [pose is

She swells and she squaddles . . so what I sup-

She must have been lying one day upon roses.

Come lads, the day is all before ye,

Jerrold will tell a merry story,

And ere ye go to bed ye may

Regale on Wordsworth's ~~cumls~~ and whey.

I can not own you, for I question

If such things suit with my digestion.

I well remember one departed now,
 Who rais'd in wonder an unbraided brow,
 When I said, "Come to me, my pretty child!"
 She hesitated, ran to me, and smiled.
 "Now mind!" cried she, "don't tumble my lace-
 frill!
 Nothing like that would dear mamma take ill."
 She grew in beauty to her twentieth year,
 Then knew, nor fear'd to know, that death was
 near.
 Like ripen'd corn was laid her patient head,
 Yet say not, impious Man! that she is dead.

Oft, when the Muses would be festive,
 Unruly Pegasus runs restive,
 And, over the Pierian fount
 Flies upward to their sacred mount;
 Aware that marshes rot the hoof
 He proudly wings his way aloof.
 He loves the highest ground the best,
 And takes where eagles soar his rest.

DECLARATION OF WAR BY SPAIN.

Is haughty Spain again in arms?
 What honest flame her bosom warms?
 Rise thou who tookest once thy stand
 On gloomy Calpé's subject strand,
 And while the lightning of the brave
 Cast a dire splendour o'er the wave,
 Didst see destruction at their side
 From billow upon billow stride.
 In clouds the thundering demon came,
 Clouds were without, within was flame;
 Dismay cried, "where is Gades' shore?"
 And scream'd and hurried swift before,
 While Britons rais'd their prostrate foes
 From shatter'd wrecks of blasted prows.
 Leaving for thee her Paphian domes,
 The Goddess of Lucretius comes!
 Pours upon thee her heavenly light,
 Arms thee with all her Marsis might,
 And tempers with eternal fire
 For thee Ausonia's golden lyre.

* Rob Smith, author of *Mare Liberum*.

ANSWER TO A DOG'S INVITATION.

Faithfullest of a faithful race,
 Plainly I read it in thy face
 Thou wishest me to mount the stairs
 And leave behind me all my cares.
 No ; I shall never see again
 Her who now sails across the main ;
 Nor wilt thou ever, as before,
 Rear two white feet against her door.
 Therefor do thou nor whine nor roam,
 But rest thee and curl round at home.

How calm, how bland, appears the moon above
 us !

Surely there dwell the Spirits who most love us.
 So think we, and gaze on : the well-pois'd glass
 Suddenly bids the sweet illusion pass,
 And tells us, bright as may be this outside,
 Within are gulphs and desolation wide,
 Craters extinct and barren rocks around,
 And darkest depths no plummet-line could sound ;
 Then on the heart these jarring words descend..
 Man ! hast thou never found such in a friend ?

EXCOMMUNICATION

DENOUNCED ON JANUARY, 30, 1850.

Cursed be the wretch who snarls
 At the blessed martyr Charles,
 And who traitorously opposes
 Slitting ears and shortening noses.
 Fifty thousand Devils scourge
 The blasphemers of Saint George.
 Let our Church with annual rites
 Celebrate the first of knights,
 While the choir more loudly sings
 Glory to the best of kings !

Here are two millstones, and thou must
 O Italy ! be ground to dust.
 Who can say which most grinds thee, whether
 It be the upper or the nether ?

TO TACÆA.

To-morrow, brightest-eyed of Avon's train,
To-morrow thou art slavelike bound and sold,
Another's and another's ; haste away,
Winde thro' the willows, dart along the path,
It nought avails thee, nought our plaint avails.
O happy those before me, who could say
" Short tho' thy period, sweet Tacæa, short
Ere thou art destined to the depths below,
Thou passest half thy sunny hours with me."
I mourn not, envy not, what others gain,
Thee, and thy venerable elms I mourn,
Thy old protectors, ruthless was the pride,
And gaunt the need that bade their heads lie low.
I see the meadow's tender grass start back,
See from their prostrate trunks the gory glare.
Ah ! pleasant was it once to watch thy waves
Swelling o'er pliant beds of glossy weed ;

Pleasant to watch them dip amid the stones,
Chirp, and spring over, glance and gleam along,
And tripping light their wanton way pursue.
Methinks they now with mellow mournfulness
Bid their faint breezes chide my fond delay,
Nor suffer on the bridge nor on the knee
My poor irregularly pencil'd page.
Alas, Tacæa, thou art sore deceived !
Here are no foren words, no fatal seal,
But thou and all who hear me shall avow
The simple notes of sorrow's song are here.

TO ROSINA,
ON HER TENTH BIRTHDAY.

While you are chirping as the lark
We heard above in Prior-park,
Perhaps below it your old bard
May be asleep in that churchyard,
Our races to the bridge all past
And dust upon his dust be cast ;
Not such as once your nimbler feet
Threw back on his.

Soon friends will meet
Your beauty and your growth to praise.
And wish you many natal days.
To make her happier some may dare
To tell mama how like you are ;
And some will press to kiss her brow,
As in fond fancy I do now.

ON THE DEATH OF IANTHE.

I dare not trust my pen it trembles so ;
 It seems to feel a portion of my woe,
 And makes me credulous that trees and stones
 At mournful fates have uttered mournful tones.
 While I look back again on days long past
 How gladly would I yours might be my last.
 Sad our first severance was, but sadder this,
 When death forbids one hour of mutual bliss.

Ricasoli, thou wantest power
 At present, and must wait thy hour
 When thou shalt smoke away the drones
 That mount from hassocks over thrones.
 That hour assuredly will come
 When they shall cease to sting and hum.
 Now thou hast only to stand wide
 Of plunderers upon every side.
 Thou hast high-pressure friends, and those
 Are the most dangerous of thy foes.

WRITTEN ON MILTON'S DEFENCE,

PRO POPULO ANGLICANO.

Iberians ! Belgians ! Gauls ! ye rage in vain,
Cromwell shall rule the land, and Blake the
main.

A greater man, if greater man there be,
Milton, hath undersign'd the Lord's decree.

Who in this later day shall there arise
To pierce the cloud that overspreads thy skies,
Fair, trustful, Italy ! too long beguiled
By one who treats thee like a pouting child.
Break off the painted handle of his whip,
And spring no more to kiss that frothy lip.
Alone in Garibaldi place thy trust,
There shalt thou find a guardian brave and just.

We hear no more an attic song,
 Teuton cuts out the Athenian's tongue,
 And witches, ghosts, and goblins fill
 Each crevice of the Aonian hill.

Sit on the sofa, gallant Erskine,
 And rest your feet upon the bearskin.
 Rose, I forsee, will turn away
 Nor seem to hear a word we say :
 Altho' I spangle her with wit
 She will not care a straw for it.
 Our friends may think she looks at me,
 Impossible as that must be.
 Of all odd truths this truth is oddest,
 The best dissemblers are the modest.
 I never ask her what can ail her
 Observing her each day grow paler.
 Cruize, conqueror, and when home you come,
 Bring back the richest prize, her bloom.
 Soon as the sails are down the mast
 Let a sheet-anchor hold you fast.

An Irishwoman sat to rest
 Upon the bridge of Haffordwest*
 Until her husband could bring up
 Their baggage from a stranded sloop.
 A Welshman saw with wanton eyes
 The whiff from her short pipe arise,
 And thought it would not be amiss
 Just to replace it with a kiss.

We mortals to our fate are blind..
 Her Paddy, who was close behind,
 Sprang forth and caught him by the nape,
 Struggling, but vainly to escape.
 "Baste!" cried he, "is it not a shame
 To make an honest woman scrame?
 What in the world wou'd yer be a'ter?
 Och! our last pipe is in the whater.
 No shame is in thee, but thou shalt
 Pick up a little ere we halt,
 Thou bloody tyrant!"

Then as thick
 As hail kick follow'd upon kick.
 Into his homestead Taffy ran
 A conjugally contrite man,

* Haverfordwest so pronounced.

Told how he fell upon the stones,
 And showed he had no broken bones.
 He never turn'd in bed all night,
 Dreaming of enemy in sight ;
 Heavenward lookt up his brawny chine
 As deprecating wrath divine.

FASHIONABLE PHRASEOLOGY.

The day is *pluvius* ; they will rue it
 Who have great coat and wont *indue* it.

JULIAN NO APOSTATE.

Julian ! thou virtuous, brave, and wise,
 Thou never didst apostatize,
 Like those who one true God disown,
 O'erturn his seat and seize his crown.

EUTOPIA.

Forgers of wills were hanged in other lands ;
 Here the black cap is threadbare, and instead
 A triple crown is mounted, and amends
 Made for the loss of patrimonial wealth,
 Farms in all countries, houses, slaves, in all.

Such are the men who make some doubt of
 virtue.

All-seeing Providence, all-judging Judge,
 Save them from scourges, carry back the ladder,
 Restore their own to them, restore that house
 Two Angels brought from Bethlehem, and refit
 Its kitchen, frying every fish therein
 Fresh from the sea of Galilee...be quick,
 Or ye must pickle it to make it keep.

TRASH.

I have thrown more behind the grate
 Than would have bought a fair estate.
 And I might readily have sold
 My drops of ink for grains of gold.
 A bladder sounds with peas within,
 Boys shake it and enjoy the din :
 There is some poetry that bears
 Its likeness, made for boyish ears.

“ What is the matter with your spouse ?
 Lately we hear she keeps the house.”

To this enquiry the reply
 Was, “ You know quite as much as I.
 It is not a *loekt jam*, be sure ;
 For other ailments there’s a cure,
 But hers is chronic, and began
 When first I was a married man,
 And sadly do I doubt if ever
 She gets the better of this fever.”

Two youths were standing somewhere near the
Louvre,

When thus the younger said :

“ Can you discover
Yon words half-chisel'd out and hard to trace ? ”

ELDER.

Res publica.

YOUNGER.

What do they mean ?

ELDER.

Disgrace !

To France, of liberty's brief life bereft,
What else than shame and sorrow is there left,
And where assemble unforsworn old men,
The visit of a hangman now and then,
A court where gleams the fratricidal sword,
And judges kneel, and prelates praise their Lord.
Where are true friends ? a thousand hearts com-
plain
That heaven has these, and that the false remain.

B Y R O N.

Like mad-dog in the hottest day
 Byron runs snapping strait away,
 And those unlucky fellows judge ill
 Who go without a whip or cudgel.
 The boots I wear are high and strong,
 Wherefore I take no whip or thong;
 Yet, I confess it, I am loth,
 People should see them daub'd with froth,
 Tho' dogs that rave with this disease
 Lift not their heads above my knees,
 It's prudent not to carry home
 The worst of poison in their foam.

Two nations may contend which stands the highest
 In sight of Europe for one warlike deed.*
 Struck down, O Venice, in thy blood thou liest,
 France, O Helvetia, swears thou too shalt bleed.

* The Switzers at Morat, the Venetians at Agnadello.

The pathway to the gate of Death
 Grows darker at each step we take,
 And when we reach it, out of breath,
 Our bones, before we rest them, ache :
 But suddenly, as if a spell
 Came over us, we fall asleep.
 In Earth's warm bosom cuddled well
 Her children never toss and weep.

— •

It was late in the winter, and late in the day
 When there stealthily crept to the house of Bett
 Gray
 A Trinity tutor, a rigid divine,
 Of a visage, and more than a visage, equine.
 Well, where is the hurt ?...I don't know where
 the hurt is,
 I shrewdly suspect that's a question for Curtis.*

* A surgeon in Oxford, 1793.

An aged man who loved to doze away
 An hour by daylight, for his eyes were dim,
 And he had seen too many suns go down
 And rise again, dreamt that he saw two forms
 Of radiant beauty : he would clasp them both,
 But both flew stealthily away.

He cried

In his wild dream,

“I never thought, O Youth,
 That thou, altho’ so cherisht, wouldst return,
 But I did think that he who came with thee,
 Love, who could swear more sweetly than birds
 sing,
 Would never leave me comfortless and lone.”
 A sigh broke thro’ his slumber, not the last.

When a loose tooth and a loose friend are lost,
 Pray can you tell me which should vex us most.

There are who say we are but dust,
 We may be soon, but are not yet,
 Nor should be while in Love we trust
 And never what he taught forget.

REPLY TO SOME HUDIBRASTICS.

O could I cull such rhymes as thou
 Cullest from under cloudless brow ;
 Such as were erst the Faeries gift
 To Butler and his godson Swift.
 But here 'tis plainly seen that I'm
 A very bad one at a rhyme.

The Graces now are past their dancing days,
 The Muses have forgot their earlier lays,
 And ~~of~~ the latter you would give a score
 For one fresh ballad of light-hearted Moore.
 Of the nine sisters eight are grown uncouth,
 And even the ninth has lost the bloom of youth.
 Some jealous poet may have written so ;
 Is there truth in it ? Tell me, yes or no.

A sage of old hath gravely said
 Man's life is hung upon a thread
 * * * ! the cheated tradesmen hope
 That thine may hang upon a rope.

Love-making is like haymaking, soon over,
 And both are mutable throughout their season.
 Haymaker ! hear me ; thou too hear me, lover,
 Nor scorn experience nor be deaf to reason.
 Be quick at work ; the sunny hours won't last,
 And storms may come before they half are past.

The Devils in the herd of swine
 May madly run down hill,
 Halloed by never shout of mine,
 Shall they be, shout who will.
 Let them with grunts each other shove,
 Their grunts molest not me above.

Upon the Pindan turf our horse
 Beats other breeds in wind and force :
 He shows activity, and yet
 No groom can teach him to curvet :
 Young riders twitch him, but in vain,
 He plunges, and trots home again.

They whom blind love hath led to take a wife
 Often have changed soft flute for shriller fife,
 And felt how different from the pliant maid
 She who now trims the brow with horn cockade.
 Cæsar and Marlboro' bore it in times past,
 And Garibaldi will not be the last.
 Against the wedded harlot weak men cry,
 The braver scorn her and the wiser fly.
 Dante soon lost his Beatrice, and fell
 From Paradise to Gemma and to Hell.
 Of ribald lords 'twas hard to mount the stairs,
 To climb his own was worse than climbing theirs.
 Bitter it seem'd by strangers to be fed,
 Bitterest of all he found the household bread.
 When Delia was another's more than his,
 Tibulling wooed avenging Nemesis.
 Her hand dispell'd from life its early gloom
 And waved away the faithless from his tomb.
 In his own land the bones of Albius rest,
 Why was the wandering Dante not so blest?

Let a man once be down, and then
 He will be fallen on by ten.

THE SICK NURSE.

My sister went to see her nurse,
Aged, but suffering little worse,
And askt her that which people ask
On meeting : it appeared a task
To answer : with a groan she said,
“ Ah, Miss ! you find me welly dead.
My heart tells my last hour is come,
I hear it beat across the room :
What ails it ? sure the deuce is in it,
It won't lie still a single minute ;
Tormenting me so, night and day,
It makes me swear when I might pray ;
Yet (Lord o' mercy !) much I fear,
This heart so bangs, he could not hear.”

Grief is unquiet, and no less
Unquiet is man's happiness.
Change is for ever what he wants ;
Dead is the heart that never pants.

BELL-RINGING IN ITALY.

Ye poor Italians who are plunged in hell
Have yet one comfort left, ye never hear
At morn and noon and night the eternal bell;
All other torments be resigned to bear.

I struggle not when valets poke
Me back on stouter outside folk.
These catch and hug me, for they know
One who lived with 'em long ago,
And say, "Too hearty to complain,
Thou shalt live with us few again."

By our last ledger-page we ascertain
What friends have fail'd and fled, and what remain.
Content, in summing up, to find how few
Are scored for false, how many starr'd for true.

TO YOUNG POETS, FROM AN OLDER.

Children ! why pull ye one another's hair ?
 May not Callimachus or Bion wear
 A sprig of bay or myrtle they have found
 Lying since nightfall on neglected ground ?

THE WOUNDED NIGHTINGALE.

*Altho' thou lovest much to sit alone,
 Why stayest thou when all the rest are gone ?*
 Thus spoke I to a nightingale ; then she
 Stepping a little farther on the tree.
 " One night a cruel archer heard me sing,
 " And came at early morn and broke my wing.
 " The leaves were denser then ; he could not find
 " The prey he sought, and left me thus behind."
 She fluttered, but alas ! no more she flew,
 And softly I, with backward step, withdrew.

TO IANTHE.

We once were happier ; true ; but were
Our happiest hours devoid of care ?
Remains there nothing like the past,
But calmer and less overcast
By clouds no effort could dispell,
And hopes we neither dared to tell ?
I wish that hand were earlier free
Which Love should have preserv'd for me.
Content, if sad, I must be now
With what the sparing Fates allow,
And feel, tho' once the hope seem'd vain,
There may be love that feels no pain.

To my ninth decad I have tottered on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady ;
She, who once led me where she would, is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

ON THE DEATH OF G. P. R. JAMES.

James ! thou art gone, art gone afar,
To sleep beneath an eastern star,
Beneath which star Venetia lies,
Ambition's bleeding sacrifice.

ON MAN.

In his own image the Creator made
His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial ! since thy day began
The present hour was ever markt with shade !

A voice I heard and hear it yet,
We meet not so again ;
My silly tears you must forget,
Or they may give you pain.

CALVERTON DOWNS.

He whom the Fates forbid to dwell
Beside the Loire or the Moselle,
And who abhors the din of towns,
Should nestle here beneath these downs.

ON SOME OBSCURE POETRY.

In vain he beats his brow who thinks
To get the better of a Sphynx.

The tears that on two faces meet
My Muse forbids to dry,
She keeps them ever fresh and sweet
When hours and years run by.

Both men and poets of the Saxon race
Excell in vigour, none excell in grace.

TO A LIZARD.

Why run away, poor lizard? why
Art thou so diffident and shy?
Trust to my word; I only want
To look awhile and see thee pant.
For well I know thy pantings are³
No signs of sorrow or of care,
Altho' they swell thy jewel'd breast
And never let it lie at rest:
Even when thou sinkest to repose
None ever saw thy eyelids close.
Turn, I beseech thee, turn again,
So mayst thou watch no fly in vain.

Let fools place Fortune with the Gods on high,
Prudence, be thou my guardian deity,
I have neglected thee, alas, too long!
But listen now and hear life's evensong.

THE LATER DAY.

Who in this later day shall there arise
To pierce the cloud that overspreads thy skies,
Fair trustful Italy, too long beguiled
By one who treats thee like a pouting child.
Break off the painted handle of his whip,
And spring no more to kiss his frothy lip :
Alone in Garibaldi place thy trust,
There shalt thou find a guardian brave and just.

THE FORMER DAY.

Iberians, Belgians, Gauls ! ye rage in vain,
Cromwell shall rule the land and Blake the main,
A greater man, if greater man there be,
Milton, hath undersign'd the Lord's decree.

TO A PRUDE.

Prude ! shall I whisper what you are ?
A catskin that would fain be vair.

A little boy had done amiss,
His mother call'd him up for this.
Child! said she, with a shake and frown,
God writes all evil doings down :
His righteous rod is always ready
To smite the wicked and unsteady.
The child, affrighten'd and amazed,
Exclaimed, while two wide eyes he rais'd.
Looks ! what a copybook is God's ;
My eyes ! and what a sight of rods !
O mamma ! there must surely grow
More birch in heaven than below.
On all the common all the geese,
Tho' they might club ten quills apiece,
Could not afford enow of pens
For all bad doings, boys' and men's.

CONFESSION OF JEALOUSY.

Jealous, I own it, I was once,
 That wickedness I here renounce.
 I tried at wit...it would not do...
 At tenderness...that fail'd me too,
 Before me on each path there stood
 The witty and the tender Hood.

I lie upon my last made bed,
 About to share it with the dead.
 Death's cold hand makes me think the more
 Of other hands less cold before.
 I will not press too close ; no fear
 Of finding any rival near ;
 Nor will ye turn your heads away
 From the fond things I used to say,
 Nor shall I hear. *Now, I declare,*
You jealous man ! how-changed you are.
 Too true indeed is that remark,
 And ye may see it in the dark.

TO A MOTHER,
ON A CHILD'S DEATH.

The scythe of time, alas ! alas !
Always cuts down the freshest grass,
Nor spares the flowers that would adorn
The tranquil brow of blooming morn :
He lets the corn grow ripe, then why
Bids he the germ be knipt and die ?

Ianthe took me by both ears and said
You are so rash, I own I am afraid.
Prop, or keep hidden in your breast, my name,
But be your love as lasting as your fame.
All men are liars, said a sage of old,
He was not, he who this sad tale hath told.

Preachers of peace, with paunches pursy,
(Not empty tho') on controversy,
Roar worse than children with the gripes,
While Moslems smile and smoke their pipes.

TO PORSON.

Let alone, my old friend, our best poet ; ask Parr
If I keep not stout harness well buckled for war.
Of the birch in my field I have wasted no twig
On a petulant Jeffrey or any such prig ;
But run not *you* foul on the wise and the kind,
Or you'll soon have to clap your ten fingers behind.

A Muse would visit an old man,
And fluently her flattery ran.
“ Ay, ay ! ” replied he, “ well I know
You only come to mock and mowe.
Too often have I seen my betters
Entangled in your flowery fetters :
Too long they held me, and too fast,
But I am fairly free at last.
Tho' young and old alike are vain,
I will not dance in them again.”

CONSOLATION

ON A BABE'S DEATH.

That mortal has imperfect trust
 In God who thinks him only just.
 God writes among his chosen few
 Those who have loved and wept like you.
 He numbers every tear they shed
 Upon his last-born children dead.

A generous action may atone
 For many a less worthy one,
 Yet take thou heed the generous be
 In number as threescore to three.

A friend by accident met Socrates,
 And hail'd, accosting him in words like these.
 There are two miseries in human life,
 To live without a dog and with a wife !
 My Xanthos in his early doghood died
 Xantippa sticks like pitch against *thy* side ;
 Men, were such wives unfaithful, might forgive,
 But ah ! they are *so* faithful, and they live.

Dare ye, malicious rogues, deny
 My reverend friend's rare piety?
 He on his knees implored his Maker
 To grant success against the baker,
 And force him, should he be unwilling,
 To change (as given him) a bad shilling.
 Wrath makes the wisest indiscreet.
 The baker threw it in the street,
 And, what his neighbours thought was mad,
 Gave a good shilling for a bad.
 When throughout Bath this tale was told,
 Many more spectacles were sold,
 And touchstones were in such request,
 Tradespeople fought to get the best.
 That shilling (for pure brass sounds clear)
 Sounds hourly in the Reverend's ear,
 And people, as they pass, remark
 The scene of action at Green-park.

If to the public eye we show
 In Tribsa half the crimes we know,
 Her lawyer by the purse will seize us
 And make his client rich as Croesus.

ON THE DEATH OF
G. P. R. JAMES, AT VENICE.

Where upon earth shall now be found
Fancy so bright, and thought so sound,
As thine, O James ! to England lost
When England wants thy genius most.
What various scenes thy pencil drew !
What vast creations start to view !
The brave and beauteous, proud and grand,
Come readily at thy command.
Again their destinies I read,
Forwarn'd in vain my breast must bleed.
Alighting on some sunnier part,
I think how far from home thou art,
How far from all who loved thee most,
Save one, upon Venetia's coast,
Where even Manin could not save
A people, nor secure a grave.

Wrongs I have suffer'd, great and many,
Insufferable never any
Like that prepensely murderous one
An Oxford hang-dog rogue has done,
Who shov'd me on a bench with men
Biting the point of Chaucer's pen.
Chaucer I always loved, for he
Led me to woo fair Poesie.
He, of our craft the worthy foreman,
Stood gallantly against the Norman,
And in good humour tried to teach
Reluctant churls our native speech.
Now I must mount my cob and hurry
To join his friends at Canterbury,
A truly English merry party,
Tho' none so jocular and hearty.

We may repair and fix again
A shatter'd or a broken pane,
Not friendship so : it lies beyond
Man's wit to piece a diamond.

TO ARCHDEACON HARE,
WITH THE IDYL OF PAN AND PITYS.

Julius, the playful sylvan Muse,
Leaving her grot by Syracuse,
Whisper'd me that no other man
Should sing of Pitys and of Pan.
She sigh'd in saying he was gone
And left his reed to me alone.
Ah, could I half her words believe!
But the nine sisters all deceive.

O immortality of fame!
What art thou? even Shakespeare's name
Reaches not Shakespeare in his grave.
The wise, the virtuous, and the brave,
Resume ere long their common clay,
And worms are longer lived than they.
At last some gilded letters show
What those were call'd who lie below.

THE GROWTH OF LIES.

A burdock's dryest slenderest thread
 Thro' a whole garden soon is spread,
 And every shoot you tear away
 Sends up a hundred day by day.
 Such is a lie ; but lies are sown
 With diligence, and, fully grown,
 Each busy neighbour multiplies
 By culture its varieties.

Guilford ! it was not I who broke
 The promise made when last we met,
 It was that sharp and sudden stroke
 You feel no more, but I feel yet.
 What drove you from your cherished ile ?
 Said I... "*A Savage*," you replied
 With playful wit and genial smile,
 " Few could perform that feat beside."
 Cold is the heart so warm that day,
 The spirit to its home is fled.
 Alas ! alas ! the votive bay
 Encircles but a sculptured head.

AN UNCLE'S SURMISE.

*"Landor, now hang me but I think
You are in love with Rose. Don't blink
The question."*

My good Admiral,
Would you that I alone of all
Who see and hear her should not prove
(As suits their age and station) love?
But who can leap the gulph between
Dark fifty-nine and bright sixteen?
Let us both try which loves her most,
I shall be happy to have lost.

I wonder what the wise would say
If they could only see me play
With little children half the day.

The tiniest hand can soonest heal
With its soft pulp the wounds we feel
From sharper strokes than struck with steel,
And is best able to repair
The crevice on the brow of Care.

The dead are soon forgotten, and not all
 Who walk aside and bear the sable pall
 Sleep the less soundly at that evening's close.
 I in my vigil think I heard a toll
 Such as it boom'd when Teresita's soul
 In heaven's own purity to heaven arose.

I own I like plain dishes best,
 And those the easiest to digest.
 Take in the fresher, tougher, harder,
 But hook them longer in the larder.
 Show me that humble village inn
 Where Goldsmith tuned his violin,
 Then leave me, at the close of day,
 To muse in the churchyard with Gray.

There are sweet flowers that only blow by night,
 And sweet tears are there that avoid the light;
 No mortal sees them after day is born,
 They, like the dew, drop trembling from their
 thorn.

On days gone by us we look back
 As on a last year's almanack.
 We never think 'tis worth our while
 To crowd with it the dusty file,
 Yet might the cast-off sheet supply,
 If studied, some true prophecy.

Rejoice all ye
 Who once were free,
 And what ye were again shall be ;
 Freedom hastes home
 To ruin'd Rome
 And Venice rises from the sea.

A sparrow was thy emblem, O Catullus !
 A dove was thine, tender and true Tibullus !
 No truer and no tenderer was the dove
 Whom Noe chose all other birds above
 To be the parent inmate of his ark,
 When earth was water and the sun was dark.

Ye poor Italians who are plunged in hell
 Have yet one comfort left, ye never hear
 At morn and noon and night the eternal bell...
 All other torments be resign'd to bear.

The sorrowing heart will seek no pleasant place
 To rest in, but drops down on each sharp thorn.
 Poor self-tormentor ! were not pangs enow
 Thine heretofore ? must wrongs afflict thee stil ?
 Must Pleasure bring thee fresh, with Memory
 Recalling them, then leaving her behind ?
 So 'tis decreed : drop on thy thorn, and die.

Well I remember how you smiled
 To see me write your name upon
 The soft sea-sand... "*O ! what a child !
 You think you're writing upon stone !*"
 I have since written what no tide
 Shall ever wash away, what men
 Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
 And find Ianthe's name agen.

Ah, Reade! a bear is not a kitten
 Else were thy hand less fiercely bitten.
 Sometimes a pen, sometimes a bear
 Objects to handling; so beware.

The scriptures teach us that our Lord
 Writes in his book man's idlest word.
 Now surely he must find it worse
 Than what he suffered on the cross.
 In evil hour I strove to read
 Some poems of one lately dead,
 And humbly hoped the sable pall
 Might cover and atone for all.

A good old Englishwoman, who had come
 Back to her country from the sights at Rome,
 Was askt about them.

“ Well then, I have seen
 Robes on men's shoulders rich as round our queen..
 Strangers, who know no better, may miscall
 A well-stuft strutting sausage *cardinal*:
 It is not often we so gut a name,
 But *cardinal* and *carnal* are the same.

MILTON IN ITALY.

O Milton ! couldst thou rise again and see
The land thou lovedst in thy earlier day,
See-springing from her tomb fair Italy
(Fairer than ever) cast her shroud away,
That tightly-fasten'd triply-folded shroud,
Torn by her children off their mother's face !
O couldst thou see her now, more justly proud
Than of an earlier and a stronger race !

Why are there mists and clouds to-day ?
It is that Rose is far away :
The sun refuses to arise,
And will not shine but from her eyes.

How often, when life's summer day
Is waning, and its sun descends,
Wisdom drives laughing wit away,
And lovers shrivel into friends !

TO D'ORSAY GOING TO FRANCE.

You lose your liberty ; no cross
 Or ribbon can supply that loss ;
 Naught could your friend bequeath you save
 The less warm refuge of the grave ?
 Who was it squandered all her wealth.
 And swept away the bloom of health ?

The *Revelations* want a guide
 To draw the mystic veil aside ;
 For these perhaps one guide may do,
 But Goethe's *Epigrammes* want two.

Death indiscriminately gathers
 The flowering children and rough-rinded fathers :
 His eyes are horny, thus he knows
 No different color in the dock and rose.

SHAKESPEARE IN ITALY.

Beyond our shores, past Alps and Appennines,
 Shakespeare, from heaven came thy creative
 breath,
 Mid citron groves and over-arching vines
 Thy genius wept at Desdemona's death.
 In the proud sire thou badest anger cease
 And Juliet by her Romeo sleep in peace ;
 Then rose thy voice above the stormy sea,
 And Ariel flew from Prospero to thee.

Disturbers of the earth ! who make
 Her fairest regions quail and quake,
 As torne Vesuvius at this hour
 By some alike infernal power.
 God's realm with God ye might possess,
 But ye will ever strive for less.
 Fools ! fools ! the fragile crowns ye wear
 Sink into slough and leave you there.

What ! show Laertes meanly fed,
 And offering an old guest stale bread ?
 Yes ; Ithaca bore then no wheat,
 I doubt if she bears any yet,
 And the coast opposite so bleak,
 None there that golden treasure seek.
 Ceres, when Pluto bore away
 Her Proserpine, was heard to say,
 " Laugh, Bacchus, laugh...but never more
 We meet on yon unthrifty shore."
 Each lord here reapt his rye and oats
 And stored the stubble for his goats ;
 Yet each brought stoutly down the hill
 Wherewith their well-dried skins to fill,
 And housewives, frugal and exact,
 Took special care they never crackt.

Of early days, and promist hours,
 And eyes that brightened shady bowers,
 Visions had floated round the head
 Of Sophron ; he awoke and said,
 " Ah ! were but all things what they seem
 Then life were nearly worth a dream.

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

THE SILENT

OF TARANTO

DO RESIDE AT NAPLES.

has lost her guide,
 without prelate's pride.
 at Parthenopean coast
 credulous of fog or frost,
 His Median puss he smiles to see
 Leap boldly on a stranger's knee,
 And stretch out flat and lick his fur,
 And switch his tail, and gape and purr.
 O my two friends ! may, many a day,
 Both think of me when far away !

There are two rival foes for every breast,
 And both alike are enemies to rest.
 Fear, of these combatants, is much the strongest
 Yet Hope upon the battle-ground stays longest.

WRITTEN ON THE
STEPS AT HAMPDEN.

Along that avenue below,
With drooping neck, and footstep slow,
Came wounded Hampden's horse ; he stood
Steaming with sweat surcharged with blood.
Within that chamber overhead
Died the most mourn'd of all the dead.

That critic must indeed be bold
Who pits new authors against old.
Only the ancient coin is prized,
The dead alone are canonized :
What was even Shakespeare until then ?
A poet scarce compared with Ben :
And Milton in the streets no taller
Than sparkling easy-ambling Waller.
Waller now walks with rhyming crowds,
While Milton sits above the clouds,
Above the stars, his fixt abode,
And points to men their way to God.

A PAINTER'S REPROOF.

Reviler! you should have been taught
Better than to hold kings at nought.
Look on my pallet; don't you see
How precious some of them may be?
Let them, like mummies, be well ground,
And then their uses may be found,

You ask how I, who could converse
With Pericles, can stoop to worse:
How I, who once had higher aims,
Can trifle so with epigrams.
I would not lose the wise from view,
But would amuse the children too;
Beside, my breath is short and weak,
And few must be the words I speak.

A HEAVY FALL

ON CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1792.

Lucilla slapt my hand that day
 Of Christmas when she heard me say.
 What she declared was *like my folly*,
 "O for that little sprig of holly!
 O for that holly sprig to wear
 Within my bosom all the year!"
 For I had noticed who it was
 That shook its rime off on the grass.
 I leapt to snatch it from the ceiling;
 It hung too high...so, tottering, reeling,
 A headlong fall I could not check,
 But fell outright upon her neck.

If you are not a poet you may live
 With poets pleasantly: but if you are,
 A little piece of counsel let me give...
 Praise one you speak with...praise none else...
 beware!

INVITATION OF PETRONIUS TO GLYCON.

Tryphoena says that you must come
To dine with us at Tusculum.
She has invited few to share
Her delicate but frugal fare.
Contrive the dinner to make out
With venison, ortolans, and trout;
These may come after haunch of boar,
Or neck, which wise men relish more;
And, Glycon, 'twould not be unpleasant
To see among them spring a pheasant.
I voted we should have but two
At dinner, these are quite enow.
One of them, worth half Rome, will meet us,
Low-station'd high-soul'd Epictetus.
He told his mind the other day
To ruby-finger'd Seneca,
Who, rich and proud as Nero, teaches
The vanity of pomp or riches.

Just Epictetus can assure us
 How continent was Epicurus,
 How gorged and staggering Romans claim
 With hiccups that immortal name.

Would you hear fables from the east
 Told gravely by a tonsured priest,
 When he has counted out so many,
 Out with your purse and pay your penny,
 Else will he, having power divine,
 Blast all your limbs from nape to chine.

Nugent! I hope ere long to see
 In leaf my lately planted tree.
 Alas! that there will stand no more
 She whose weak wrists the burden bore
 Half-way down that smooth grassy mead,
 And said, "*No help of yours I need.*
But you may hold it if you will,
And the deep gap let Nugent fill."

Another gap was soon to hold
 That graceful form, that heart now cold.

I saw upon his pulpit-perch
 A well-fed gamecock of the church
 Spread out his plumes, and heard him crow
 To his lean pullets croucht below.
 "Wretches ! ye raise your throats to men
 Who pry into your father's pen ;
 Look at your betters, do as they do,
 And be content to chant a *credo*."

'Twas far beyond the midnight hour
 And more than half the stars were falling,
 And jovial friends, who lost the power
 Of sitting, under chairs lay sprawling ;

Not Porson so ; his stronger pate
 Could carry more of wine and Greek
 Than Cambridge held ; erect he sate ;
 He nodded, yet could somehow speak.

" 'Tis well, O Bacchus ! they are gone,
 Unworthy to approach thy altar !
 The pious man prays best alone,
 Nor shall thy servant ever falter."

Then Bacchus too, like Porson, nodded,
 Shaking the ivy on his brow,
 And graciously replied the Godhead,
 "I have no votary staunch as thou."

Julius, dear Julius, never think
 My spirits are inclined to sink
 Because light youths are swimming by
 Upon their bladders ; so did I.
 When in our summer we swam races
 I splasht the water in their faces ;
 And little hands, now only bone,
 Clapt me, and call'd the prize my own.

Will nothing but from Greece or Rome
 Please me ? is nothing good at home ?
 Yes ; better ; but I look in vain
 For a Moliere or La Fontaine.
 Swift in his humour was as strong
 But there was gall upon his tongue.
 Bitters and acids may excite,
 Yet satisfy not appetite.

“I wish you would but read those *Tracts*
I sent you.”

I have red the *Acts* :
And these, if duly follow'd, teach
What jarring churchmen ought to preach.
Well have I beaten brake and stubble,
And bagg'd what ill repaid the trouble.
Where is the pointer or retriever
That can scent out the true believer?
Moravians share the meal of Christ,
His home-made bread and meat unspiced :
But these poor souls are not the people
To venerate the stole and steeple.

There is a tribute all must pay,
Willing or not, on Christmas-day.
I would be generous, nor confine
Within too narrow limits mine.
For such warm wishes, and such true
Assurances as come from you,
I almost doubt I send enough
In sending a full pinch of snuff.

Some, when they would appear to mourn,
 The tomb like drawing-room adorn ;
 And foren flowers of richest scents
 Bestrew the way to compliments.
 Grief never calls on Grace or Muse,
 Nor dares the Fates and Stars accuse,
 Demanding clamorously why
 They doom'd one so belov'd to die.
 In her dim chamber solitary
 She sits ; her low tones little vary ;
 Now on the earth her eyes are bent,
 Now heavenward rais'd implore content.

Awaiting me upon a shore
 Which friends less loved had reacht before,
 Stood one, my well-known voice drew nigh,
 And said . . but said it with low sigh,
 Lest Proserpine might hear afraid . .
 Ah ! were we somewhat more than shade.
 I threw my arms her neck around,
 I woke ; it was an empty sound.
 In groves, in grotts, on hills, on plains,
 With me that Vision stil remains.

TO A POET.

I never call'd thy Muse splay-footed,
Who sometimes wheez'd, and sometimes hooted,
As owls do on a lonely tower,
Awaiting that propitious hour
When singing birds retire to rest,
And owls may pounce upon the nest.
I only wish she would forbear
From sticking pins into my chair,
And let alone the friends who come
To neutralize thy laudanum.

What my *Last Fruits* are when you see,
Don't wish 'em longer on the tree,
Nor, touching with the finger-tips,
Refuse to let 'em reach your lips.
I do remember well the day
When many others worse than they
Were for my sake received with grace,
And found the warmest resting-place.

Kind friends forgive me, if you can,
 For calling Slick an honest man.
 Derision is enough ; I see
 Wit lies remote from irony.
 Let me devise, if I am able,
 Instead of irony, a fable.

A dog by sudden spring had got
 A pudding, smoking from the pot.
 He was a wise old dog and knew
 In this dilemma what to do.
 He dipt it in the gutter, then
 Ran on with it and dipt again.
 Boys, girls, and women, trundled after
 And clapt their hands and roar'd with laughter.
 When clear of them, the bag he tore
 And lickt the dainty o'er and o'er,
 Until it was less hot ; at last
 He broke outrageously his fast,
 Then lickt his lips by way of grace,
 And sought some cool and quiet place
 Where his siesta he could take,
 Nor hear what cries the cook might make.

Men may learn much from dogs, and Slick
 Learnt from said dog his clever trick.
 He lowers his muzzle and he eats
 With ravening maw the foulest meats.

TO RISTORMEL.*

Known as thou art to ancient fame,
 My praise, Ristormel, shall be scant :
 The Muses gave thy sounding name,
 The Graces thy inhabitant.

Cease to contend upon that slippery field
 In which alone, Emilia, you must yield.
 There comes one stronger, in whose steps we
 trace
 All Dryden's vigour and all Prior's grace.
 Ivan from madden'd sire none else could save,
 Or Casabianca from the flaming wave.
 No maid of Hellas ever rais'd so high
 A strain as she, 'twould crack your voice to try.
 Felicia's varied harmonies run o'er,
 But close the copybook and write no more.

* A villa in Cornwall.

Ipsley ! when, hurried by malignant fate,
 I left thy court and heard thy closing gate,
 I sighed ; but, sighing, to myself I said
 Now for the quiet cot and mountain-shade.

Ah ! what impetuous madness made me roam
 From cheerful friends and hospitable home ?
 Whether in Arrow's vale or Tachbrook's grove,
 My lyre resounded liberty and love.
 Let me once more my native fields regain,
 Bounding with steady pride and high disdain,
 Then will I pardon all the wrongs of fate,
 And hang fresh garlands, Ipsley, round thy gate.

Lean'd on a bank, I seemed to hear
 A tree's faint voice, and some one near.
 Yes, sure enough ; I saw a maid
 With wakeful ear against it laid.
 Silent was everything around
 While thus the tree, in quivering sound :
 " They pant to cull our fruit, and take
 A leaf (they tell us) for our sake,
 On the most faithful breast to wear
 And keep it til both perish there.
 Sad pity such kind hearts should pant
 So hard ! We give them all they want.

They come soon after, and just taste
 The fruit, then throw it on the waste.
 Again they come, and then pluck off
 What poets call our hair, and scoff,
 And, long ere winter, you may see
 These leaves fall fluttering round the tree.
 They come once more . . then, then, you find
 The root cut round and undermined :
 Chains are clencht round it ; that fine head
 Whereon stil finer words were said,
 Serves only to assist the blow
 And lend them aid to lay it low.”
 Methinks I heard a gentle sigh . .
 Tell me, who can, the reason why.
 It may have been for what was said
 Of leaves and fruit, of root and head.

Thank heaven, Neæra, once again
 Our hands and ardent lips shall meet,
 And Pleasure, to begin his reign,
 Scatter in largess kisses sweet :
 Then cease repeating as you mourn
 “ *I wonder when he will return.* ”

Ipsley ! when, hurried by m
 I left thy court and heard
 I sighed ; but, sighing, t
 Now for the quiet cot

Ah ! what impetuo
 From cheerful frien
 Whether in Arrow
 My lyre resounde
 Let me once mor
 Bounding with
 Then will I f
 And hang f
 the year around

ne tune ; its tremulous sound
 Ler and starts makes tremble too
 A .no would fain get rid of you.
 Y ads are ye ! maids whom Love derides
 Jntil he almost cracks his sides.
 He points at you, all skin and bones,
 And stiff as horn and cold as stones.
 I can not bear your nearer breath,
 A pleasanter is that of Death.

world before
 and graves,
 and tears,
 far remote.
 has been so kind
step I come
me: part I owe
age: I ask no more,
enough, and go to rest.

reformer should you so admire
lowing words that fill my song?
All them artless, yet require
the promise from that tuneful tongue?"
only whether Fate could part
ful tongue and tender heart.

Such the protuberance that abuts
From pope's and king's enormous guts,
That to shake hands should either try,
A flock of geese between might fly,
And any parley would require
Some fathoms of electric wire.

A GREEK TO THE EUMENIDES.

Your lips, old beldames, will get dry,
'Tis time to lay the spindle by.
With that incessant hum ye make
Ye will not let me lie awake,
Or, what is better, fall asleep . .
Ah ! what a doleful din ye keep !
Unvaried all the year around
The tiresome tune ; its tremulous sound
By fits and starts makes tremble too
Me who would fain get rid of you.
Maids are ye ! maids whom Love derides
Until he almost cracks his sides.
He points at you, all skin and bones,
And stiff as horn and cold as stones.
I can not bear your nearer breath,
A pleasanter is that of Death.

Let me look back upon the world before
 I leave it, and upon some scattered graves,
 Altho' mine eyes are dim with age and tears,
 And almost all those graves lie far remote.
 Memory ! thou hast not always been so kind
 As thou art now ; at every step I come
 Nigher to those before me : part I owe
 To thee, and part to age : I ask no more,
 For I have seen enough, and go to rest.

Ah, wherefor should you so admire
 The flowing words that fill my song ?
 Why call them artless, yet require
"Some promise from that tuneful tongue ?"
 Doubt only whether Fate could part
 A tuneful tongue and tender heart.

Such the protuberance that abuts
 From pope's and king's enormous guts,
 That to shake hands should either try,
 A flock of geese between might fly,
 And any parley would require
 Some fathoms of electric wire.

Soon does the lily of the valley die,
Later the rose droops o'er her family,
Fresh children press about her couch of moss
And she forgets, as they repair, her loss.
The hapless lily none such comfort knows,
But sinks the paler at the sight of rose.

No truer word, save God's, was ever spoken,
Than that the largest heart is soonest broken.

Bold Atlas carried on his shoulder
The globe, but Antonelli bolder
Shuffles it off, and kicks it down
And crushes with a triple crown.

When from above the busy crowd I see,
The great and little seem one-sized to me.

ON THE RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII.,
A FRENCH POET SINGS.

Descend, ye Muses, one and all,
Obedient to a Frenchman's call.
Which of you e'er refused to sing
The feats of a most christian king,
Or help to raise the Oriflamme
Above the towers of Notre-Dame?
Three cities, three without one blow,
Fell at the trumpet of Boileau:
He would have play'd without a line,
The devil with the Philistine,
No need, against him to prevail,
The weightier broadsword of Corneille.
Voltaire struck down with flash of pen
The League, the Iberian, and Mayenne,
And, if ye help me, with a touch
I doubt not I can do as much.
Then shall ye see the lilies bloom
Upon the seven hills of Rome.
Our Louis never shows the scars
His doublet suffer'd under Mars,

Tho' many creatures daily fell
 Before him ere the vesper bell.
 But said, on looking down his file
 Of steel and silver with a smile,
 Far better thus than bid our men go
 For empty glory to Marengo.

Shelley and Keats, on earth unknown
 One to the other, now are gone
 Where only such pure Spirits meet
 And sing before them words as sweet.

There is a restless mortal who
 Feeds on himself, and eats for two.
 Heartburn all day and night he feels
 And never tries to walk but reels.
 Boy ! on the table set the taper
 And bring your lucifer ; this paper
 I must without delay set fire on
 Or folks may fancy I mean Byron.
 Be petty larcenies forgiven,
 The fire he stole was not from heaven.

ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

Porson was askt what he thought of hexameters
written in English :

“ Show me,” said he, “ any five in continuance
true to the meter,

Five where a dactyl has felt no long syllable
puncht thro’ his midrif,

Where not a trochee or pyrric has stood on one
leg at the entrance

Like a grey fatherly crane keeping watch on the
marsh at Cayster.

Zounds ! how they hop, skip, and jump !

Old Homer, uplifting his eyebrows,
Cries to the somnolent Gods.. “ O ye blessed
who dwell on Olympos !

What have I done in old-age ? have I ever com-
plain’d of my blindness ?

Ye in your wisdom may deem that a poet sings
only the better

(Some little birds do) for *that* ; but why are my
ears to be batter’d

Flat to my head as a mole’s or a fish’s, if fishes
have any ?

Why do barbarians rush with a fury so headstrong
against me?

Have they no poet at home they can safely and
readily waylay?"

Then said a youth in his gown, "I do humbly
beg pardon, Professor,
But are you certain that you, to whom all the
wide Hellas is open,
Could make Homer, who spoke many dialects
with many nations,
Speak, as we now have attempted to teach him,
our pure Anglo-saxon.

Then the Professor, "I wager a dozen of hock
or of claret,
Standing on only one foot I can throw off more
verses and better
Than the unlucky, that limp and halt and have
"no foot to stand on."

"'Pon my word, as I live!" said a younger, "I
really think he has done it,
Every soul of us here, by a score of hexameters,
quizzing."*

* It is to be hoped that Milton may escape this profanation. Dryden, the master of rhyme, would have violated the Muse of Zion. That poet's ears must be stiff with indurated wax which receive not at least an equal pleasure from the cadences of Milton's verse as from Homer's. Every people has its pet poet; one unwieldy like Dante, another skittish like Voltaire; but Homer and Milton have been venerated wherever have been prominent the organs of veneration. May no iconoclast prevail against them!

TIBULLUS.

Only one poet in the worst of days
 Disdain'd the usurper in his pride to praise.
 Ah, Delia ! was it wantonness or whim
 That made thee, once so tender, false to him ?
 To him who follow'd over snows and seas
 Messala storming the proud Pyrenees.
 But Nemesis avenged him, and the tear
 Of Rome's last poet fell upon his bier.

Lately our poets loiter'd in green lanes,
 Content to catch the ballads of the plains ;
 I fancied I had strength enough to climb
 A loftier station at no distant time,
 And might securely from intrusion doze
 Upon the flowers thro' which Ilissus flows.
 In those pale olive grounds all voices cease,
 And from afar dust fills the paths of Greece.
 My slumber broken and my doublet torn,
 I find the laurel also bears a thorn.

WILLIAM VENOUR,
COMMANDER OF THE CALYPSO.

Venour, my brave boy-guardian, who at school
 Taught me the grammar he had lately learnt,
 And led me over noun and five-barr'd verb,
 Where is he? There he sleeps below the waves
 Of the Atlantic, there where all creation
 Is mute, nor hears the voice that calls his name;
 But others shall, and far and wide beyond.
 When elder prest around him and declared
 He could not sail, for sure the Admiral
 Knew not *Calypso's* state, he thus replied
My orders are to sail: he sail'd . . and sank.
 Short is my story : I could be prolix,
 But the small casket holds things valued most.

The scentless laurel a broad leaf displays,
 Few and by fewer gather'd are the bay's ;
 Yet these Apollo wore upon his brow . .
 The boughs are bare, the stem is twisted now.

The Muses at the side may move
 But can not hold the wings of Love.
 Lesbia was faithless to Catullus,
 And Delia wandered from Tibullus,
 Who closer when Death came would stand.
 And yield to him alone her hand.
 The tender heart is ever true
 And all its world contains but two,
 Inseparable those, nor cold
 Until they mingle with the mould.

Why war against free brethren? God forbid
 Ye split asunder your own native land?
 Worst of barbarians, hear! . . the pyramid
 Built upon cannon-balls not long can stand.

I do not think that praises ever
 Derange a sound and healthy liver,
 Altho' they get into the head
 Of some who are too highly fed;
 A hungry mountain swain meanwhile
 From bitter crust o'erflows with bile.

There was one powerful man, and only one
 In God's wide world ; what could he not achieve ?
 He might have driven from her citadel
 Defiant Falsehood, and her tawdry guards
 And bastard progeny innumerable :
 He might have propt up cities with one arm
 And driven with the other from the temple
 Sellers of bones, of charms, of opiates,
 Of glittering gauds and cutlery occult :
 He, like the blessed one of Nazareth,
 Might have restored the sight of the stone-blind
 And rais'd the prostrate cripple up erect.
 Earth spread her feast before him, millions rose
 To serve him and to bless him ; did he bring
 An honest man with him ? he brought instead
 Desperate swordsmen and astuter knaves,
 Who sit around him, and will sit until
 The night fall heavily on their carouse,
 And the seats reel beneath 'em, unregain'd.

Changarnier and a poet with a *De*
 Now to his name cry *freedom* ! and make free,
 O Rome, to quarter hungry thieves on thee.

ON A FAWN'S HOOF.

Have I not seen thee, little hoof, before
Thou wast a handle to my stable-door?
Have I not seen thee trotting o'er the park
In dread when distant hounds began to bark?
Ah! how much rather would I see thee now
With branching horns above thy lifted brow,
Commanding me by angry stamp to go
And keep away from where lie fawn and doe.
I never thought to feel again for deer
The guilt of murder that confronts me here.

So sad a mourner never bent
Against a marble monument
As, poorest of the paupers, she
On the damp grass who bends the knee
O'er her one lost; her words are few,
What shall I do! what shall I do!
Are all she says, but those aloud,
And pity moves the silent crowd.
She rises . . she must carry back
The lent and oft darn'd gown of black.

PTOLEMAÏS.

No city on the many peopled earth
 Hath been the witness of such valiant deeds
 As thou hast, Ptolemais ! and by whom
 Were they achiev'd ? by Britons, one and all.
 The first our lion-hearted king may claim ;
 And who the second ? he who drove across
 The torrid desert the (til then uncheckt)
 Invader, from those realms the Ptolemies
 Ruled, and the Cæsars follow'd in their train,
 Sidney, the last of chivalry . . One more
 Rode o'er the sea to win the crown that hung
 Inviting on thy walls : he also bore
 A name illustrious even as Sidney's own,
 Napier was he.

'Tis somewhat to have held
 His hand in mine, 'tis somewhat to record
 One of his actions in the crowded page.

We send a thief a thief to catch
 And Peter's bastard finds his match.

ON GESNER'S IDYLS.

Gesner, to Sicily he does no wrong
Who listens fondly to thy pastoral song.
The Muses, nurst by Nature, bow'd the head
And sigh'd in silence when thy spirit fled.
Homer's sole rival, Mincio's youthful swain
To catch Sicilian tones essay'd in vain.
None dared take up the broken pipe, for none
Among the wistful claim'd it as his own.
A sunny clime call'd many a piper forth,
But only thy strong pinion braved the north.

Under his pulpit lies poor Sydney,*
And few are left us of his kidney.
With me, my friends, you can but lunch,
For a good dinner go to Punch.

* Sydney Smith.

DISTRIBUTION OF HONOURS FOR LITERATURE.

The grandest writer of late ages
Who wrapt up Rome in golden pages,
Whom scarcely Livius equal'd, Gibbon,
Died without star or cross or ribbon.

TO THE AUTHOR OF VESTIGES OF CREATION.

Wise was Democritos, nor less the sage
Whom Philip call'd to guide his wilful son,
Not tardy to shake off the dust that fell
Upon the eyelids of the Athenian youths
From quaintnesses and quibbles in a school
Where Truth, if ever sought, was never found.
Our teachers find her, some of them on earth,
Some in the wilderness above the skies.

Thou hast gone after them and close behind,
Briton! thou who hast traced the vestiges
Of God's creation! Deem it not presumption

If I dare question thee why thou hast call'd
The vulture, wolf, and boa, the police
Ordain'd to keep in order and suppress
Us bipeds, when we come in crowds too dense.
Were it not better to reward the stout
And vigilant, for every bird and beast
Of rapine they shall kill ? Even in our land
Vipers and snakes and hawks and kites are seen.
Is there no shame in this ? why not propound
A stated price for every head of them ?
Were it not better so than fifty-fold
For fellow men to slaughter fellow men
And feed the hungry cannon's mouth alone ?
Is there none brave enough to seize the scourge
Now sounding in our ears ? let that be done,
Then to the vipers and the birds of prey.

We hear no more an attic song,
Teuton cuts out the Athenian's tongue,
And witches and hobgoblins fill
Each crevice of the Aonian hill.

Many can rule and more can fight,
But few give myriad hearts delight.

TO W. STORY.

Story ! whose sire maintained the cause
 Of freedom and impartial laws,
 How would he have rejoiced to see
 A field far smoother trod by thee.
 Ah ! could he from the grave but hear
 The voice of Europe, far and near,
 Extol thy sculptures that retrace
 What Rome had lost of attic grace.

Poets as strong as ever were,
 Formerly breath'd our British air :
 Ours now display but boyish strength,
 And rather throw themselves full length.
 Waller was easy, so was Sedley,
 Nor mingled with the rhyming medley.
 Descending from her higher places
 The Muse led Prior to the Graces :
 He was the first they condescended
 To visit .. are their visits ended ?

ON THE TOMB OF QUEEN ANNE.

A queen who snatcht from Marlboro's hand
 The bay-girt baton of command
 Lies here : and courtiers now malign
 The creature whom they call'd divine ;
 Yet none among them has denied
 That she was sober when she died.

TO SCOTCH CRITICS.

Why should ye sourly criticise
 A poet more profuse than wise.
 The gentle Muse would not send from her
 Her Ovid, tho' preferring Homer.
 Mind, wise was gentle Ovid too,
 And equal'd in his art by few.
 Sirs, malice is a worse disease
 Than all your itch and all your fleas.

ON THE WIDOW'S ORDEAL,


BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Chaucer I fancied had been dead
Some centuries, some four or five ;
By fancy I have been misled
Like many : he is yet alive.

The Widow's Ordeal who beside
Could thus relate ? Yes, there is one,
He bears beyond the Atlantic wide
The glorious name of Washington.

G I B B O N .

Gibbon has planted laurels long to bloom
Above the ruins of sepulchral Rome.
He sang no dirge, but mused upon the land
Where Freedom took his solitary stand.
To him Thucydides and Livius bow,
And Superstition veils her wrinkled brow.



TO SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Drummond, your praises have been ever dear,
 But most when pour'd into that willing ear
 Which, turn'd away from flattery's voice, would
 bend
 To catch the slightest word that fell from friend.
 She* tells me, time and studious hours have
 bow'd
 That gracile form which shunn'd the ignoble
 crowd;
 And few even of the learned you admit
 To share your wisdom and enjoy your wit:
 And you expect and watch without dismay,
 As virtuous courage bids, life's closing day:
 Long may it linger yet, serenely bright,
 And our last star stil guide us thro' the night.

No, I will never weave a sonnet,
 Let others wear their patience on it;
 A better use of time I know
 Than tossing shuttles to an fro.

* The Idler in Italy.

TO AN ESPOUSED.

Never has any house pour'd forth
 On east and west, on south and north,
 In any age so many men
 Powerful alike with sword and pen
 As Napier's : from that house you send
 Glad tidings, Nora, to your friend,
 That such a race not soon shall cease,
 But flourish fresh with rich increase ;
 And the next season may produce
 A scion to a branch of Bruce.

Hic jacent cineres are words that show
 Burnt were the bodies of the dead below.
 Some tell us that live heretics alone
 Were thus consumed when Mary graced th
 throne ;
 But others, more inquisitive, maintain
 It was the practise in a later reign,
 And point to recent tombstones that attest
 Where not the *bones* but where the *ashes* rest.

OR A GRAVESTONE IN SPAIN.

Say thou who liest here beneath,
To fall in battle is not death.
You, tho' no pall on you was cast,
Heard the first trump nor fear'd the last.

Parrots have richly color'd wing,
Not so the sweetest bird that sings ;
Not so the lonely plaintive dove ;
In sadder stole she moans her love,
And every Muse in every tongue
Has heard and prais'd her nightly song.

A man there is who was believ'd
By many ; all he has deceiv'd ;
To one on earth may he prove true,
O lady, and that one be you.

TO THE COUNTESS BALDELLI.

To-morrow if the day is fine
 I visit you before you dine.
 Juliet a little shy may be,
 But Blanche will sit upon my knee,
 Just as another some years older
 Sate once with arm about my shoulder.
 This is all twaddle, folks will say,
 But you are wiser far than they.
 Head upon head they could not reach
 The lines of this unspoken speech.
 Forgive me, Gertrude, if I'm proud,
 Your hand has rais'd me o'er the crowd.

One tooth has Wordsworth, but in sooth
 No man has such another tooth :
 Such a prodigious tooth would do
 To moor the bark of Charon to,
 And better than the Sinai stone
 To grave the Ten Commandments on.

TO PETER THE FISHERMAN.

Thou hast been ever active, Peter,
 And netted loads on loads of fish ;
 Could we but get them somewhat sweeter
 'Twere well . . alas, how vain the wish !
 We must remember that they come
 Close-hamper'd all the way through Rome.

TO THE WORTHY SON OF A GREAT JURIST.

Story ! could thy good father come
 Again and see his shattered home,
 Then might fraternal discord cease
 And Valour yield the palm to Peace.

BID TO THINK OF FAME.

Rather than flighty Fame give me
A bird on wrist or puss on knee.
Death is not to be charm'd by rhymes
Nor shov'd away to after-times.
Of maiden's or of poet's song
Did anything on earth sound long?
Why then should ever mortal care
About what floats in empty air?
All we devise and all we know
Is better kept for use than show.
Perhaps we deem ourselves the wise,
Other may see with clearer eyes.
Little I care for Fame or Death,
Or groan for one gasp more of breath.
Death, in approaching me, looks grim,
I in return but smile at him.

GREECE ! BE TOLERANT.

“ *Children of Pallas !* ” is the voice that swells
 Above the lofty Parthenon, “ awake, awake
 From heavy slumber and illusive dreams,
 Throw the door open . . Look at Babylon,
 Corinth and Carthage and Jerusalem,
 Earth’s giant offspring whom she rear’d in vain :
 They all are dust, or worse than dust, a haunt
 Of brutes, and brutal men, who tear the beard
 One off another to cram down their throats
 Incredibilities which both call creeds.

Whatever stands must fall ; the dust alone
 We trample on rises and keeps its form.
 There was one holy man who said to all
 ‘ *Love ye each other :* ’ all have heard the words,
 Few mind them ; prayer serves for obedience.

Grivas ! whom Hellas now invokes by name,
 Albeit that name was never heard of yore

•

And time has paralyzed the mother tongue...
Do thou forbid the insidious foot to tread
Thy sacred land: let speech and thought be free;
So shalt thou hear such hymns as shook the fanes
When Æschylos from Marathon return'd,
And Athens envied most the wounded brave."

Never must my bones be laid
Under the mimosa's shade.
He to whom I gave my all
Swept away her guardian wall,
And her green and level plot
Green or level now is not.

TO ARTHUR DE NOÉ WALKER.

Few verses, and those light, I send,
A paltry present to my friend.
Heroes and heroines none remain
Upon my wide Hellenic plain,
While many a weak unthrifty stem
Germinates in the place of them.
As in Atlantic woods, unsown
And not worth sowing, plants are grown
Where ancient forests high and grand
Tower'd over leagues of subject land.
To your protecting care I trust
The scraps you rescued from the dust.
Save, you who saved embattled men,
The feebler offspring of my pen.

Ultima, lector, habes ignoti carmina vatis,
 Ista peregrini scripta fuere manu
 Italiæ nullos hæredes Naso reliquit,
 Et segetem nullam fert Latialis ager.
 Extitit haud alius, tristi Sulmone relicto,
 Qui coluit Musas ut voluere coli,
 Arripui plectrum semel aut bis vatis Horati;
 Et mihi dilectam Lesbia fudit avem.
 Hospite Verona est uno gavisæ Catullo,
 Undaque trajecto risit aprica lacûs.
 Liquit, ut audiret recitantem Larius Alpes,
 Nec magis aversus forsitan Arnus erit.

Si mendacia mane vesperique
 Discit Napoleo, atque voce clarâ
 Cuncta edicta refert, stupere noli;
 Antonellius huic fuit magister.

CREDITE.

Posse sacerdotem præcludire Tartara vobis
 Credite, cœlestes posse aperire domos ;
 Exhibito nummo salsæque aspergine lymphæ
 Quodcunque est sceleris posse abolere notam ;
 Credite summissum pedibus dare jura per orbem
 Debere, et pavidis regibus esse ducem ;
 Credite, perpessi, donec clamaverit alter
Quis deus, O populi ! jusserit ista pati ?

AD REGEM SARDINIÆ.

Haud unquam tetigit regum mea dextera dextram,
 Horum alii jaceant ut lubet ante pedes.
 Dixerit haud quisquam me sollicitâsse potentûm
 Munera, quæ dederint aut potuere dare.
 Est egitur licitum jam denique plaudere soli
 Qui manibus puris sceptrâ paterna gerit.
 Vive, salus patriæ ! neque cessent prælia donec
 Projectus fuerit Noricus ensis humi !
 Restituat Romæ popularia jura tribunus
 Qui tua nunc intrat castra, vir ante vios.

AD GARIBALDUM.

Dum patrio sermone meo celebrare parabam
 Facta tua, Italiæ gloria summa, Liger !
 Hôc monitu calamum correptum Musa repressit ..
 “ Conveniunt potius verba latina duci.
 Ille quidem Liger est, sed et est Romanus, et
 Urbem.
 Tutatus, vindex protulit arma foras.
 Concinnuere tubæ fulgentque sub Alpibus illa . .
 Quò fugit Austriacus ? quò fugit iste minax ?
 Libertatem alii produnt, victricia fœdant
 Signa, sed absimilis regibus unus adest :
 Ergo Romanâ Garibaldus voce canendus
 Atque inter fastos concelebrandus erit.”

I trans æquor Atlanticum, libelle !
 I quâ stella Columbiæ refulget,
 Et salvere jube hospites benignos :
 Si Britannia erat noverca quondam.
 Nos fratres sumus, et sumus futuri.

AD ROMAM.

O Roma ! sortem quis tuam non defleat !
 Ut acerba contigit piis !
 Deos Deasque mox videbimus nate
 Nudâ, atque vix superstitem.
 Sed una restat quæ tibi servat fidem,
 Laverna ; liquit filium,
 De Vaticano monte qui vibrat faces
 Et fulmina et tonitrua.
 Fragore ridens artifex vafer suo
Benedicite ! ait, " Benedicite ! "

Queruntur esse de puellarum satis
 Jocosiorum lusibus.
 Pindum colentes virgines, vos ferreum
 Projecite eum de vertice
 Qui, dum juvenus adfuit, non riserit
 Aut flêrit ob Cupidinem.

DE VIRGINIS IMMATURA MORTE.

Sævâ procellâ tu cadis obruta
 Florente vitâ : virginibus parum est
 Iniqua sors ; flere nunquam
 Degenerem peperisse prolem,
 Hæ sæpe fregit pectora fortibus
 Ipsis, quibuscum Gloria constitit
 Domi forisque ; heu ! sæpe pravis
 Succubere animi viriles.

CANUM TRIUM SEPULCHRA.

Canes valetе queis benignus Demido
 Sedem sepulturæ dedit
 Hortos amænos inter ; hos obambulet
 Dun vivit, et vivat diu !
 Mihi, O fideles, vestra contingat quies
 Semoto ab infidelibus !

F A M A.

Persequitur mala Fama bonam, mox calcibus in-
stat,
Denique sub pedibus candida palla jacet.

GAIETA EXPUGNATA.

Toto optata anno terraque marique duobus
Regibus, "æternam famam Gaeta," tulisti...
Dedita Caldino; neque egebit Etruria laudis,
Quam nec hyems repulit nec flamma, sed acrius
ursit.

Hunc infra lapidem sepelitur adultera conjux,
Si proba sis, mulier! si vir honestus, abi
Felix qui natos videat genitoris amantes!
Felix qui sanctos dormiit inter avos!

AD ITALUM.

Quot quantique tibi mendacia vendit aruspex,
O Itale! hunc audis? si vir es, esse proba.
Fabellis nutricis amas inhiare, nec horres
Id quodcunque putri molliit ore senex.

Præteritos annos revoco mihi pectore tristi,
Quos prius haud sineres triste manere diu.
Mortua sis aliis, mihi non morieris, Ianche!
Hoc jurare jubet, dum sepeliris, Amor.

Immemores non sunt omnes virtutis avitæ.
Bellatoris equi jam Sarmata quassit habenam,
Et propiore juba domino stat celsior ipso
Hinnitus iterare claros longèque sonantes,
Inque aciem, naribus fumantibus, arrigit aures:
Audiit hunc Tibris, Padus audiit, audiet Ister.

SAVONAROLA.

Ut defendus es, O Savonarola ?
Orans pro patriæ salute,
Legis nil veriti deosve nutu
Impuri nebulonis interisti
Igne, quem meruit magis, crematus,
Ingrato populo ingerente torres,
Romæ pontifices cruore gaudent
Et ritus Druidum ferunt per orbem.

Vincti perpetuoque vinciendi,
Qui semper dominos habere vultis
In sparsos cineres Savonarolæ
Dantes frangite imaginem, suprâque
Altare erigite altero tyranno,
Hæres legitimus (sed id negatur)
Sedem cedat avunculus nepoti.

AD DIVUM PATREM.

Dive Pater? natos, at non impune, vorâsti;
Saturnuo pœnas sub Jove nonne dedit?

AD LIVAM.

Nulla puellarum levis est occultave culpa,
Tu superos igitur, Livia, teque time.

AD REGIS MINISTRUM.

Mel tibi protendit Corsus, tu rejice donum
Lethale, in Corso melle venena latent.

DE CARMINIBUS LUCRETII

STYLO SCRIPTIS.

Sæcula vix alium bis nona tulere poetam
 Qui Musas Italas auditâ voce vocaret,
 Omnes exilium Nasonis triste dolentes,
 Denique vir* surgit carmen sublime Lucreti
 Exsuperans, et humi prosterans omne priorum
 Quot genuit cretas ignavo semine tellus.

Pax fugit Italiam : Discordia sola gubernat,
 Imperitat populis, regibus imperitat.
Improbis hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit ?
Barbarus has segetes ? ... Gallus habebit ; habet.
 Nulla columba, diu sperata, reducit olivam,
 Et Philomela suo mœret abacta Pado.

* Robert Smith.

AD POERIUM.

Diva illa quæ nunc exulat Neapoli
Sub Alpibus non algida est,
Ibi illa diva, fortibus semper comes,
Te amplectitur, Poerio.

“ Non ego famoso perstrinxi carmine quemquam.”
Id facilis Naso dixit, idemque velim :
At memori gratum est mihi falsa rependere vero,
Nec nocuisse aliis qui nocuere mihi.

OVIDIUS.

Me nescis, Ovidi ? tecum mea prima juvenus
Lusit, ob hoc semper tu mihi carus eris ;
Et quia viventes poteras laudare poetas ;
Tale hominum nobis interit omne genus.

CATULLUS CALVO SUO.

Benacus est amœnus, estque Larius,
 Neutrum revisere hyems acerba me sinit,
 Nam tusse, sum quassatus, atque ea impulit
 Ad molliorem apricioremque aera,
 Ubi retusa est Alpium ferocitas,
 Fratrum gigantum qui minabantur Jovi.
 Albæ volueres mî supervolant caput,
 Undis marinis litori irruentibus
 Ab Adriâ.

Satis tibi rescribitur,
 Patiere tu quoque hâc meâ gravedine
 Si plura : dormi dum licet, dum salvus es.

Poema vis : Cæcilium adi, dabit tria
 Tribus dicata, acceptaque illa, Gratiis.
 Ne verte chartam, nil ibi est poematis.

STATIUS.

Stattus Aonias tentat decorare puellas,
 Sed cadit elatâ lapsa corolla manu.
 Audit agrum ventos gelidos perflare Latinum
 Et vacuas spicas linquit abacta Ceres.

ARNOLDUS SAVAGIUS.

Parietibus pictis, populo quos curia monstrat
 Nescio quot procures obtinuere locum.
 At tibi nulla datur sedes, Arnolde Savagi,
 Quo sine nulla esset curia : fortis eras ;
 Fortis eras sapiensque, et (territus ante) senatus
 Præsides te vires sumpsit, erantque tuæ.
 Solus nempe audax audacemque ante tyrannum
 Fatus es, adsurgens, ista silente domo.
 “ *Voce loquor populi: dum jura infecta manere
 Tu sinis, haud æris subsidia ulla dabit.* ”*

* *Rapinus*, in historiâ suâ hæc verba de homine refert qui primus in *Parlamento*, quum præsides eligeretur, rege presente jura populi vindicavit,

IN OBITUM ELISABETHÆ SORORIS.

Ingenuo vultu, formâ quam Gratia finxit,
 O soror ! haud paucis sollicitata procis,
 Est visum potius matris vigilare senectam
 Et dare pauperibus, dum requierat, opem.
 Æquè nobilibus grata obscurisque fuisti,
 Sic casa cum lacrymis, sic gemit aula, *vale*.

AD PUELLAM ARCITINENTEM.

Hos inter juvenes parata parvum
 Arcum tendere, non vides ut ista est
 Ludus virginibus periculosus,
 Atque ut difficile est tibi et sorori
 Evitare Cupidinis sagittam ?
 Sese abscondit ; ego assidens sub ulmo.
 Talem voce seniliter tremente
 In aurem monitum edidi ; repente
 Iratus puer irruit. “ *Quid audes*”
 Dixit “ *in mea jura ? tu dolebis.*”

AD VETUTAM IMPUDICAM.

Etsi non es Ariminensis ortu
 Ista ut Folia jam notata Flacco,
 Et notata nigerrimâ notarum,
 Pronâ accepta sit aure cantilena
 Quam canto tibi, plurimique cantant.
 Macra amplexibus improbis puella
 Non est ausa loqui pater quod ausus.
 At nos impavidi sumus, venenum
 Acre nil veriti tuum osculorum.

Invidia! quid te in orbe toto est foediùs
 Sed adsides mortalium,
 Summis, corum utrinque nemo pluribus
 Stipatus est clientibus.
 Poeta dextram dum poetæ porrigit,
 Tibi sinistram pone dat.
 Sapientibus piisque mos idem est, viris
 Ac foeminis, dum vivitur :
 Deos precantur supplices, surgis suprâ,
 Diis omnibus potentior.

HORATI VERSUS NOVI.

Perfide! die per omnes
 Te deos oro, Italiam cur properas premendo
 Perdere? cur avitum
 Oderis campum impatiens liberioris auræ?

IN ETRURIAM POST X. ANNOS REVERSURUS.

Jam mihi prætereunt octava decennia vitæ,
 Perque pigras venas ultima serpit hyems.
 Anne revisurus sim, sæpe vocatus, amicos
 Nescio, semper enim est Spes malefida mihi.
 Sperabam placidos redeunti occurrere natos,
 Lusistique iterum, Spes fugitiva, senem.
 Attamen est aliquid mitem usque fuisse parentem,
 Vulnere ob hoc apsum con graviore dolat.
 Non merui...has voces itero fletum inter acerbum,
 Heu! solatioli non meruisse parum est.

AD ERSCHINUM.

Erschine ! nostra paras tutari litora classe,
 Dux operum patiens, strenuus, atque sagax.
 Navita mente alacri jussis obtemperat omnis
 Ut puer, et partem se putat esse tui ;
 Namque alius nemo sic novit lene severo
 Miscere, utque suo tempore utrumque decet.
 Tot curas inter tua fertur epistola nobis,
 Nataliem haud dubii lætificare novum.
 Anno nondum acto te villula nostra recepit
 Uno cum socio : sit reditura dies !

AD NAPIERIUM DUCEM.

Napieri ! cubito inclinanti pauca legenda
 Sunt mea, sed scribo ; sis memor usque mei !
 Sis memor ut colui te paucos inter amicos,
 Innumeris curis vulneribusque gravem.
 Verùm es qualis eras animo, si viribus impar,
 Agnoscuntque tuam Gallus Iberque manum.
 Historiæ tendit tibi jure Britannia palmam,
 Nec sola est gladio gloria parta tuo.

AD ROSAM, LIBEROS SUOS DOCENTEM.

Toto in filiis die occupata,
Sed non immemor inter hos amici,
Ut horas ages, O Rosa, innocentes !
Tales semper erant, erant beatæ
Semper, at minus antequam doceres
Quî sulcus traheretur, exarantem
Plus unâ maculâ oblitum libellum,
Palparesque genam et manum obsèquenti.

Te revisere Fata mî negârunt ;
“ Unum hoc maceror,” at tua ora menti
Auferre haud potuere, nec loquelam
Castam illam ingenuo lepore tinctam.
Una vocola me parum dolebat
Quæ nunc excruciat ; valere jussus
Novi vespere crastino futurum
Ut priûs fuit ; heu ! procul remotum
Nullo vespere me jubes valere.
Si verè mihi sola tu maneres
Ipsa, nec fugitura mox imago,
Esse non sineres gravem senectam ;

Nunc tantum obveniunt, favente sonano,
 Isti currere seriam atque inertem
 Acri garrulitate provocantes,
 Pultantes humerum aut pedam trahentes,
 Id silens nemus, illa querna sedes,
 Et candens domus hospitibus, supràque
 Hortus pensilis adfluenta rivo.
 Ristormel.* Rosa ! liberi, valete !

MANINUS.

Te, Mannine, virum ducemque, cordi est
 Versu concelebrare non inepto,
 Sed parem meritis quis illud ? urbis
 Antiquæ Venetum decus salusque
 Dum visum Superis eras, nec ignes
 Nec ferrum fugere hostium sinebas.
 At quum infidus avunculus neposque
 Speranda omnia prodidère, pectus
 Firmum frangitur ; exul occidisti,
 Sævo cum gemitu omnium Italarum.

* Ristormel, domus in Cornubiâ.

Mendaciorum prolificus pater
 Conculcat orbem : dicite quamdiu
 Idem coronatus sacerdos
 Æneidum generi imperabit.

Ad arma rursus ! surgite, surgite,
 Vivi quot estis ! Te merito ducem
 Astroëa descendens salutat,
 Stringe pium, Garibalde ferrum.

Vir ante primos Italiæ viros
 (Et terra nusquam est prole beatior)
 Audis, reversuroque plaudit,
 Hoste pedem retrahente, Roma.

Est digna consors militiæ tuæ
 Quæ vulneratis auxilium tulit,
 Medelaque ipsa est visa tantùm
 Luminibus gravibus dolore.

Vultu severo occurrere Cypridi
 Minervæ tandem desiit ; annuit,
 Et pulchrior fit pulchritudo
 Quam fuit in nitidâ juventâ.

Secunda vertunt te duce prælia,
 Urbes resurgunt ; jam caput erigit
 Dejecta, calpestrata, regum
 Parthenope pede barbarorum.

Haud otiosam nunc Capuam vides, '
 Baias-ve solis divitibus datas
 Obambulari, nec cavernam
 Purpuream Capræ inquinandam.

Messana mæsto lumine, fortium
 In busta, forti nunc aperit sinum,
 Scyllæque latrantes silesunt,
 Nec fremit ut fremuit Carybdis.

Aptat solutas pastor arundines
 Ad labra, certans carmine mutuo,
 Et virgines raptore pulso
 Floribus Enna novis coronat.

Extrema cerno litera Brundusî
 Lætata tantis hospitibus ; probat,
 Virtute priscâ non sepultâ,
 Ut Lacedæmonium est Tarentum.

VATICINIUM.

Unus homo Romæ cunctando restituit Rem ;
Restituet non cunctando (deus adjuvet !) alter.

O mea ! si mea sis quam sommia sola reducant,
Rursus in hunc gremium nocte silente veni !
Id saltem licet, amplexu non detinet alter,
Et nequit obsistens te prohibere soror.

Queruntur esse de puellarum satis
Jocsiorum lusibus.
Pindum colentes virgines ! vos ferreum
Projicite ab illo vertice
Qui dum juvenus adfuit non riserit
Aut flêrit ob Cupidinem.

AD POETAM.

QUI MARE LIBERUM ALCÆI METRO SCRIPSIT.

Audax juventâ Pindarieum melos
Tentare cœpi, sed cecidit lyra
Imbelliori, Musa risit
Et facilem dedit insonandam.

Roberte ! solus tu potes addere
Sublime carmen Pierio choro,
Potare Dircen, deque Pindi
Vertice volvere dithyrambos.

AD GARIBALDUM.

Victoriarum gloria provocat
Multos subactis montibus Alpum,
Multos amictos veste nigrâ,
Syrmate versicolore multos.

Si sint aperto in marte pericula,
Sunt et silenti nocte latentium
Sicariorum pugiones,
Poculaque insidiosa cœnis.

Discriminorum victor es omnium,
At obsecramus te reducem domi
Semper peregrinos latrones
Canidiasque mares cavere.

Deos precamur (non hebetes deos
Pinguesque, rubris cruribus) obsidem.
Te, pace firmata, tueri
Civibus Italiæque toti.

AD VILLAM IN AGRO MEDIOLANENSI.

O villa amicis læta frequentibus
 Æstate quondam, non bifoꝛes patent
 Uti solebant, has refringit
 Barbarus, et dominatur urbi.

En ! militantũm turba procacium
 Invadit hortos ; non acer educat
 Vitem reluctantem, nec infra
 Nympha videt fragiles aquarum.

Flecti columnas propter imagines
 Atlas deorum ; sed veniet dies
 Quando hæ relucebunt et illæ,
 Et fugiet malefidus hospes.

Prædam latroni præripiens latro
 Stricto ense nunquam nocte minabitur ;
 Tandem inter hæc arbusta solæ
 Lusciniæ merulæque certent !

Napoleo! visa est tibi gloria fallere gentes?
 Cur qui tanta potes non potes esse probus?
 Nos venale genus fulmusque sumusque poetæ,
 At quis egenus ita est ut tua facta canat?
 Singula quando obolo mendacia vendidit uno
 Ditior Assyriis regibus Irus erit.

Ver erat extinctum, languere inceperat annus,
 Ibam ubi secreto in litore Larna jacet,
 Ut nimis assiduos tandem frustrarer amicos
 Utque aurâ fruerer liberiore maris.
 Vicina oppidulo formosæ villa Philippæ
 Stabat, in oppidulo cepit utrasque domus.
 Vecta redibat equo, nonnunquam vespere sero,
 Et semper lateri lætus adesse fui.
 Parvulus Asturco me vexit, at iste protervus
 Continuò huic fricuit, me minitante, genu.
 Nescio ut acciderit, sed eram proclivior ultra,
 Dixi aliquid, forsàn vix satis aure procul:
 Tunc ea . . non dextram missura, sed arctius usu
 Stringens, ut subito scœpe pavore solet . .
 “Quid facis? improbius vis Asturcone videri?
 Desine . . vis clamem? . . desine . . nulla dabo.”

PRECES PRO SALUTE REGIS QUI MORBO
PEDICULARI LABCRAT.

Ut Natura jubet, pisces sint piscibus escæ ;
Atqui, pedicule, parce tu pediculo.
Usque clientelæ fidissimus hospes adhære ;
Vivax sit ille, diis bene annuentibus,
Quamvis per tenebras et claustra diutius audit
Paucos gementum (ut ante) queis gavisus est.
Carminibus Superos calidis pietate precamur
Vivat, pediculis simul cohortibus ;
Quumque suprema dies illuxerit, ista legantur . .
PEDICULORUM MAXIMUM HOC MAR-
MOR TEGIT.

Per strictos gladios et per deserta locorum
Egit iter mulier saneta, secuta virum :
Succubuit tandem Garibaldo digna marito,
Lassa fame, insomni lassa labore viæ.

PRO PORTÂ.

PER HANC PORTAM INGRESSUS EST URBEM

GARIBALDUS,

SICILIÆ LIBERATOR, ROMAM LIBERATURUS.

Occupat ecce iterum Corsus capitolia Brennus,
 Militeque ejecto plebs jacet ante pedes.
 Restituenda quidem sunt libera jura, sed armis,
 Et non Romuleâ restituenda manu.
 Gallia promissis nunquam stetit, omnia vertit,
 Semper erat fortis, perfida semper erat.
 Creditis huic, Italia? aut estis simulare coacti
 Quâ virtus jocus est et dolus ingenium?

Pro domo.

His in cædibus natus est, patria nondum
 venundatâ,
 Siciliæ Italiæ-que liberator GARIBALDUS,
 multos insignes Roma, plures Græcia, celebravit,
 vos propius videtis vestratem clariorem.

AD LAGOUM QUI THEBAIDA MISERAT

Tentare rursus, O Lagöë, me jubes
 Thebaida ; cur hæc perpeti coegeris
 Crudeliora quàm Thebe patrata erant ?
 Fugi, fatebor, et cucurri ad extera ;
 Minora ibi graviora sunt ; cautis vice
 Saburra erat calcanda . . sed subegimus.

Felix qui natos videat genitoris amantes !
 Felix qui sanctos dormiit inter avos !

Improbis est patriam qui vendidit, improbus
 emptor ;
 Regibus, O Itali, quantula habenda fides !
 Parthenope fortes amat adsequiturque Sicanos ;
 Ecce ! duas gentes liberat unus homo.
 Unus homo Romæ cunctando restituit Rem,
 At non cunctando restituet melior :
 Vive, vale, Garibalde ! parat tibi certa triumphos,
 Jam gladio fracto perfidus hostis abit.

MORBUS POETARUM.

Expertes pauci livore fuere poetæ,
 Purus erat scabie Naso, Tibullus erat.
 Quisque suum morbum est catulus perpressus,
 adultis
 Non manet: ah! certe sunt meliore luto.

Tu pro libertate fatigas voce senatum,
 Esse nequis Graccus, Gracculus esse potes.

Si nunquam volui tecum cænare vocatus
 Est quia me solitâ sede sedere juvat.
 Diffugis a dextrâ Burdette, volasque sinistrâ,
 Infaustum id visum est omen aruspibus.

Tandem laborum desino, neque amplius
 Mea charta sub stylo crepat.
 Cænæ, sodales, parva ut est, accumbite,
 Ego interim dormitum eo.

MORS NUPTÆ.

Mors, illa advena pluribus
 Importuna, toro institit
 Pyrrhæ, quæ timuit parum
 Acclinem faciem deæ.
 Sed dilexerat Aciden
 Ab ludis puerilibus,
 Atque illum propiùs videns,
 Protentâ male dexterâ
 Inquit, difficili halitu,
 "Fletûs desine inutilis,
 "Te solabitur altera,
 "Cujus par sit amor meo!
 "Me specta . . viden . . haud fleo.
 "Eheu! nescio cur mihi
 "Sic implent lacrymæ sinum."
 His dictis genuit sæmel,
 Mors pulchrum tetigit caput,
 Et constant lachrymæ gelu.

Tres esse honestos hac in urbe crederes?
 Ita est . . at unus est canis.

EPITAPHIUM SAVONAROLÆ.

In hoc loco crematus est vivus,
Pontifice Maximo jubente,
Hieronomus Savonarola.
Pro animâ ejus precari supervacaneum est,
Salvam esse certiores facti.
Vobiscum ita sit qui legitis !

Infructuosi jam laboris desino
Quo charta sub dextrâ crepat.
Cænæ paratæ vos, amici, accumbite,
Surgo, atque dormitum eo.

PRO SEPULCHRO.

Parce novum, reverende latro, violare sepulchrum,
Nullas invenies quo sepelimur opes.
Tu contentus abi, conjux priùs abstulit aurum,
Flaccidaque, ut nôsti, colla monile gerunt.

Ubi ille in alto qui solet æthere
Volare? ubi ales qui jovis ad latus
Sedere? bubonem videmus,
Occinit in mediis ruinis.

Qui liberandum protenus Adriam
Edixit alta voce vocantibus
Idem resurgentem vetustis
Implicat Italiam catenis.

Urbes reclamant.. “I, caput occule,
Nec pejeratum laurea protegat!
I, regibus solis fidelis!
I, maculate cruore nostro.”

En! colla torquet libera pontifex
Quem Roma dudum finibus expulit.
Inulta-ne æternùm manebit
O Superi! Perusina cædes?

AD SUTHEIUM.

Laudare quæ calens juventâ scripseram
Primus fuisti, forsitan neque ultimus,
Utcunque id est, hæc pauca parvaque accipe
Lantonianis involuta nubibus
Quæ dissipaveris benigno lumine.

AD POETAM AMORE LABORANTEM.

Quum cupidineo igne torquearis,
Cur versus scythico crepat rigore?
Cor mihi dolet intimum, unde versus
Tam plenus fluit et fluet perennis.

HIANTIUS ET PERILLA.

Olim dixit Hiantio Perilla;
 “Quum defloruerit mihi venustas,
 Et forsan priùs, ardour omnis ille
 Quo nunc angeris, aut videris angi,
 Ne demum in cinerem cadet timendum est.”
 Tunc Hiantius, ut solent amantes,
 Jurans plurima, et applicans sigillum
 Quod semper juvenes habent paratum,
 “Non credis quod ais, Perilla! crede
 Uni, fallere nescio puellas;
 Si decreverit ardor ob senectam,
 Et sunt queis ita contigit, miselli!
 Mea (ah ne properes eam obsecro te)
 Ipsa frigida non erit favilla.”

GARIBALDI UXOR.

Per strictos gladios et per deserta viarum,
 Victa fame, insomni victa labore viæ,
 Succubuit tandem Garibaldi digna marito
 Extorrem mulier sancta secuta virum.

IN OBITUM SUTHEII LAUREADONATI.

Suthei ! mortuus es ; paremque frustra
 Ullum quærimus aut virum aut amicum.
 Si minus dolet invidus poeta,
 Est saltem docilis dolere, visus
 Flores projicere in recens sepulchrum.
 Illud non facio ; probent ut angor
 Hæ veræ lacrymæ in lacum cadentes.

AD PONTIFICEM.

CIVIUM CÆDE IN URBE PERUGIÂ JESSU EJUS PATRATÂ.

Fallere non sat erat populos, quin cæde latrones
 Pascis, et infantûm sanguine tingis avos.
 Haud facis ipse, inquis ; væ ! perfide ! nonne
 coronam
 Imponisque duci concelebrasque diem ?
 Proh scelus ! et Galli circûm sine vindice dextrâ
 Talia facta vident intuituque probant !
 Exul eris, fraudesque tuæ cædesque patescent . .
 Vive Dei oblitus ; non erit ille tui.

AD HEROINAM.

Quœnam dearum stat mediâ viâ ?
Quâ me morantem voce jubet sequi ?
Gressum recognosco superbum
Atque oculos aliter timendos.

Trivultiorum filia nobilis !
Nuper benigno lumine Larium
Lustrans, reliquisti paternæ
De proavis ditionis Alpes,
Vallesque flavas et juga vitium
Obducta pronis retibus ; est acer
Pubentibus fidus minister,
Sunt nemora undisonique fontes.

Parendum . . Eamus quâ tuba concitat
Ad arma fortes Ausoniæ viros,
Quâ Roma vexillis coruscat
At nemora Albunæ sonantis.

Corneliarum non domus interit,
Non mersa fulvo gurgite Clelia,
Non Arriæ ferrum vetustas
(Hoc geris increpitans) peredit.

En ! vulneratis illam adhibes manum
Quam gloria esset tangere regibus,
Nec dentium stridorem acutum
Nec saniem refugis nigrantem.

Citum latronis nunc retrahit pedem
Detrusa agristi milite Gallia,
Diu sibi ipsi non fidelis,
Ast aliis malefida semper.

Musæ (fatebor sponte) Britannicæ
In calceo alto pes patulus natat,
Nec Gratiae zonam modestæ
Pectoribus religant anhelis :

Sed barbarorum cruda loquentia
Te non lacesset ; non vacuum melos
Tibi insusurrandum, nec ibis
Deciduo decorata serto.

Ad imperantis Justitiæ latus
Guttam supremam sanguinis ablues,
Post bella, post regum tumultus,
Egeriæ gelido liquore.

AD LIBERTATEM.

O quæ revisis Romulcas domos,
Urbesque opimas mollis Etruriæ,
Udosque fines Sirmionis
Et Venetum Ligurumque portus ;

Quæ nunc Canopum, nunc Arabum sinus
Regisque mersi mobilibus vadis,
Indique montanas latebras
Ostiaque ulteriora Gangis,

Reduz adibis Hesperios viros,
Viros Iberos? an pateram libet
Lymphâ salubri implere ab Istri
Fontibus oppositique Rheni?

Infrâ relucet Helvetiæ lacus,
Et arcta rident pascua vallium
Dulcem referri cantilenam
Voce domum revocante vaccas.

Torrentis alti et fluminis abdit
Audire plangorem Helvetios juvat,
Et mox susurros, dein cachinnos,
Tunc fremitum et rabiem ; ruinam

Utrinque lapsam ab culmine montium
Adscendere inter, stare super, vides.
Qui magna consuescunt tueri
Magna ferent, facientque magna.

Refringis istis et glaciem Alpium
Metumque pellis pensilibus jugis ;
Quacunque venisti renident
Lumine candidiore soles.

Horentia intras mœnia vepribus
Queis Archimedis contegitur globus,
Callesque quos ferro notavit
Empedocles deus Agrigenti.

Messana, tendens brachia, vinculis
Exserta, pubes te Drepani vocat,
Sublimiorem te propinquâ
Tollit Erix redivivus arcem.

RICARDUS MILNES,

Vir sagax, eloquens, eruditus, probus,
 quum Senatui ut præset vocaretur
 id unum patriæ negavit;
 oblatos a principibus titulos
 modeste et leniter amovit.

Semper amicitiae maneant mihi, semper amores!
 Hos equidem solâ mente manere gemo.
 Fugit amor primus, fugiens tres liquit amicos,
 Ingenio paucos aut pietate pares.

Ut defletus eras et adhuc deflendus amicis
 Pluribus! haud unus te moriente venit:
 Haud venit, expirat dum spiritus ultimus, unus
 Qui premit ardentem febre,* Lagöë, manum.
 Ah quotias illo ludebam nomine quondam!
 Nunc prohibent omnes Fata severa jocos.
 Ipse facetus eras alii que fuere faceti
 Te duce, nunc fractus mussat abique Lepos,
 Nam procul à patriâ tua conditur urna Panormi,
 Et serò hîc tristi carmine nota jacet.

* Francis Hare.

AD PUELLAM.

Te laudare quis ausus est? tacemus,
Nam summæ addere non licet columnæ.

Cordata! certè nomen habes tuum.
Jussu deorum, quæ gladium manu
Stringis virili; jam minatur
Exitium rêliquis tyrannus.

Quid plura? carmen sit breve, nam brevis
In orbe nostro vita fuit tibi
Cordata! sed feliciorem
Fama dabit peritura serò.

Non quod eras formâ præstantior omnibus, Anna,
Exequias sequer corde dolente tuas,
Non quod Saxonice de regibus esset origo
Et poteras priscum nobilitare genus,
Sed quia pauperibus solatia ferre solebas
Et grave, depulsâ morte, levare caput.

FRATRUM NAPIERIUM CONCORDIA.

Severioribus præesse literis
 Est magna gloria, major est
 Viros potentes, imperantes, regios,
 Humanitate vincere.
 Quam tu colebas haud erit tui immemor
 Historia, Martis ad latus,
 Et ille, fratrum utrique constringens manum,
 Mirabitur concordiam.

Hospes! ruderibus quæ restant parce sepulchri,
 Namque sacro lapidi litera nulla manet.
 Tutari melius reges potuere jacentem,
 Anne fuit salvis in foribusque metus?
 Nec civis melior fuit aut elementior hostis,
 Quem -ve ita prosequitur militis altus amor.

BANDELLI FRATRES.

In cœlo Geminos videmus inter
 Altioraque clarioraque astra
 Queis divi sua nomina indiderunt.
 His æqui pueros fuere fratres
 Bandelli, ante oculos humi jacentes.
 Illis vita erat una, et una mors est,
 Extinctis simul; impio tyranno
 Anglus prodidit; heu! pudet fateri.
 Chartam, quam mihi fert Camæna puram,
 Hujus nomine nullus inquinabo,
 Quo damnabitur ultimo Britanno.
 Fratres! occubuistis, haud peristis.

Incertus stylus est dicis mihi, veraque dicis,
 Sed duo de cœlo mi comitantur iter.
 Nubilus interdum est, interdum purus, Apollo,
 Et soror; utcunque est Luna pudica, vaga est;
 Nunc alta ingreditur, nunc parva humilisque
 recedit,
 Jam facie totâ pallida, jamque rubet.

MOECHA.

Te, si quis pius est apud poetas,
 Atque si quis amator est, vocabit
 Deliis, scelerata, Lesbiisque
 Infidelibus infideliorem.

PATAVINIS.

Lapidem Tito Livio sacrum, O cives pii,
 Nolite prolaxis inscriptionibus temerare ;
 Ab horâ matutinâ in his legendis laboravimus,
 Date respiraturis locum.

BEMBI EPITAPHIUM.

Heic situs est Bembus : servabat Apollinis aram,
 Longè abigens alium cum genetrice deum.

THEBAIDE PERLECTA.

Thebaidos quicumque graves superavit arenas
 Sit pius, est ultra nulla timenda sitis.
 Diis agimus grates quum surgere nausea cessat
 Et portum intravit victo Aquilone ratis.

Scandere qui violata diu Capitolia tendis
 Siste pedem ; haud iterum diripienda vide.
 Mox poteris Italos Gallis haud esse minores
 Scire, nec apricos repere semper humi.

Allobrigum solio rex est stabilitus avito ;
 Nondum adeò fidum vendiderat populum ;
 Nondum tradiderat servilibus hostibus arcem
 Unde patent Italæ queis spoliantur opes ;
 Nondum abigi Româ quas jussit adesse cohortes
 Viderat, aut cives tam violenta pati.

AD PSYCHEN CUM CATELLO.

Psyche, nobilis es neque es superba,
Idcirco tibi quem petis catellum
Committo tenerum : hunc scio fovebis,
Quantum nescio, nec sciens faterer
Si mollem in gremio sinas cubare
Et narem gelidum applices tepenti.
Priscum est huic genus . . id manet legendum
In libris veterum sacris . . priusquam
Nos essemus homunculi, creatum.
Forti pectore sæpe militabat
Insignis genitor, minus fidelis
(Aiunt) conjugio : ut pudica proles,
Et conjuntior ut tibi sit uni,
Hanc collo injice sericam catenam.

ITALIÆ DIRÆ.

Cæsis civibus, ut fit, urbe captâ,
Diras Italiæ diu gementis
Partiuntur avunculus neposque.

PSYCHE RESPONDET.

Munus accipio tuum lubenter.
Est auro pretiosior catena
Illa serica quæ ligat catellum ;
Esset aurea forsitan, sed auri
Nullam particulam tenet crumena
Quam nevi tibi, nam latro sacerdos
Et conjux, bene juncta in his latroni,
Omnem surripuere, teque rident.

LUDLONIS EPITAPHIUM APUD
HELVETIOS.

Libera gens olim te, Ludlo invicte, recepit
Et non ingrato condidit ossa solo :
Tantis pro meritis hoc unum est, occidis exul..
Debueras patriæ carior esse tuæ.

Ille parum expertem te ducit, America, culpæ
Cui spumant labia et cui jecora ægra tument.
Africa non paucos, non paucos India, morbos
Intulit, at periit tempore quisque suo.
Sunt soli æterno tacti livore poetæ,
Nec maculam delet diminuit-ve dies.
Unus inhorrueret majorem occidere fratrem
Sutheius : quianam deperit omne genus ?
Maluit idem agnos hædosque fovere tenellos,
Et coluit flores quos dedit ipse Deus.

MONUMENTA MINUS ILLUSTRIMUM

IN ÆDE DIVI PAULI.

Quot monumenta vides parvis erecta poetis
Atque aliis alium qui meruere locum !
Miltonum, egregios qui claruit ante Britannos,
Quæris ? in ignotâ conditus æde jacet.
Supprime (si potis es, neque justa excandeat)
iram. .
Est aliquid tali talibus esse procul.
Forsitan inscriptas aliquo rudiore colono
Immetita tegant gramina literulas.

Sceptrygerum nullus vixit sine laude poetæ,
At quis egenus ita est ut velit esse tuus ?

Plurima sunt mentem quæ diffugère sequacem,
Plurima quæ cuperes non meminisse manent.

AD ALEXANDRUM CÆSAREM.

Si vis antiquis nova jungere firmaque regna
Nil prohibet, quod avi non potuere potes ;
Conciliare potes tibi pectora fida virorum,
Fortia, quam fuerint forcia, facta probant.
Crede mihi, Scythico fas haud est vincere ferro
Caucasium, aut luxu debilitare, genus.
Cede igitur validis montes venatibus aptos,
Cede minus validis pascua, cede casas,
De quibus ad cælum fumus solet ire serenum,
Nec ferrugineo grandine tecta quati.
Respice, sit quamvis longinquus, respice finem ;
Morte alii reges non periere suâ.
Phasidis in ripâ cupidus transire sinistram,
Siste pedem, ulterius si gradiare peris.
Forsan in hâc terrâ liquit Medea nepotes,
Atque herbas, quales legerat illa, legent.

Persequitur mala Fama bonos, bona longius abstat,
Sera venit, serâ sidera nocte micant.

NOMINA ERUDITORUM.

Inter lumina clara literarum
 Est Meibommius, est Morhoffiusque,
 Puffendorfius, Heidelhammerusque,
 Gruterusque (ita vox sonat suilis)
 Et Schneiderius ore paulum aperto,
 Nare latius, et magis sonante,
 Sternutans bene, nomen haud male edit.
 Et Rhunkenius, ortus ad paludem,
 Longa retia quâ trahit Batavus.
 Swedenborghius, insecutus Umbras,
 Quas ille ad libitum evocat vel arcet.
 Tunc SchlegHELLIUS, aureis catenis
 Ut multâ cruce nobilis coruscat
 Donati parili latinitate
 Brawnii gravis, ingemens podagrâ,
 Et Stillegius, applicans lacertum
 Ac firmans baculo pedem sinistrâ :
 Nec Strabellus abest, cliens fidelis.

Quamvis ferreus est mihi atque acutus
Stylus, his *aciem* timet retundi,
Et campum sterilem horret exarare.

AD AMICAM.

Dura ! cur iterum abruis sedile
Quod junctis genubis tibi apparavi ?
Satisne esse putas prope adsedere
Vel collo dare dexteram reclinari ?
Me spes, ut levioribus, fefellit.
At saltem liceat (gravè invidenti)
Saxum sternere molliore musco.

Musa quæ veteres fovet, per omnes
 Terras quando iêrat, vocans poetas
 Et divos, neque adesse pertinaces,
 Nasoni facilis magistro Amoris
 Mutatas dedit exhibere formas
 Ipsius Jovis ac Jovis nepotum.
 Stant infra Capitolium canentes
 Quidam grandiloqui, poeta nullus.
 Tomi conditur urna (si sit urna)
 Vatis tam teneri omnibusque cari.

GRATIÆ PRO CARMINIBUS ACTÆ.

Indomitis gelidas superavi passibus Alpes,
 Sævus erat labor et sævior inde sitis :
 Ecce mihi mittis tua carmina ! nec labor ullus
 Ante fuit, parilis nec fuit ulla sitis.

EUROPA.

En pulsais aquilis Alpes novus occupat hostis,
 Et suus Helvetiæ clauditur ipse lacus.
 Sed modo Libertas apparuit; ecce reversam
 Pandit ubi extremas barbarus Ister aquas;
 Scilicet his in aquis, ripam super ense reposto,
 Romulidum soboles fortia membra lavit.

Sunt semperque fuere qui potentes
 Laudant ut dapibus fruantur, istos
 Jure ventriloquos potes vocare.

Ægrotus cubuit Petri locupletior hæres
 Quem voluit memorem spurca puella sui.
 Solari studuit frater, dixitque gementi
 Unumquemque suam ferre necesse crucem.
 Tunc Petri soboles. Eheu, sanctissima Virgo!
 Sit satis; hanc iterum (scis) iterumque tuli.
 Si fuerit posthac eadem mihi pœna luenda,
 Ne sit in extremis, ut solet esse, precor.

AD GALLUM IN ROMA.

Galle, soles templis arisque revellere divos,
 Deinde auferre domo quicquid haberet opum.
 In viteres dominos nunc vincula rupta minaris,
 Servus es, at servos dedecet esse truces.
 Crediderim, nisi te scieram bene, tristia passum,
 Velle alios vitâ liberiore frui.

Triplex deposui manu volumen
 A quo Lesbia Deliaque emicantes
 Demulcent animos tepore molli :
 Cur friget tua Cynthia, O Properti !

Magnanimo Pico cur hostis, Bembe, fuisti ?
 Artibus ingenuis claruit ille simul.
 Forsitan id propter celata incanduit ira,
 Nam facile ignoscit nemo poeta pari.

IN OBITUM VIRI REGII.

Stat silens populus domum ante clausam
Quia intus Pietas Amorque morerent.

PAX.

Pax est quum cecidere qui penates
Ausi sunt quasi liberi, tueri.
O illud *quasi* !

Conspicare amictu
Sæpe versicolore, sæpe et atrâ,
Libertatem . . ubi nunc foras ituram !
Cæca carceris intimis tenebris
Nescit, siqua dies, die potiri.
Pax est ; ipse ita dixit imperator.
Ferrum vibrat et hoste non reperto,
Civem interficit incubante nocte :
Mille conticuere ; in urbe pax est ;
Ingratique superstites queruntur.

INVIDIA.

Debilis Invidia est, sed multo debilior vir
Qui nequeat pedibus subiecere Invidiam.

LAUDATOR.

Non assem neque frustra sum daturus,
Vel frusto levius vel asse carmen,
Ut datis pretio pari vicissim.
Vestrum non aveo aut volo favorem
Qui solos veneramini potentes.

AD JURANTEM.

Forsan tantillum tu credebare priusquam
Jurares ; sonus est debilis in vacuo.

AD JULIUM.

Laudes accipio tuas, egenus
Laudis, non avidus, poematum ergo.
Si verè mihi sit quod esse dicis
Id certò satis est.

Iter cameli

Mulique has steriles eant arenas,
Interdumque refrigerentur aura
Et fontem inveniant brevi scatentem :
Haud ego insequor, haud ego antecessi.

Quot olim habebam ruris incolas mei
 Venatibusque curribusque idoneos
 Haud vendidi ullum, sed potiri gramine
 Jussi atque avenâ, donec adforet dies
 Superstitem ruptura dentium ordinem,
 Nec trahere plaustra, nec mediâ urbium viâ
 Quassare inanem ad os ligatum sacculum.
 Mors militaris cuique contigit seni
 Quem valle amænâ viderat Lantonia,
 Hinnitibus gavisa, tunc silentibus.

AD BALBUM.

Romæ forisque, trans cacumina Alpium
 Tui fnere nominis multi inclyti :
 Pares eorum te genuisse filios
 Cognovimus ; nec flentis est paterna vox
 Audita, ni sit intimâ-forsan domo
 Solatium amicis adferens dolentibus.
 Bini sub armis occubuerè, sed manet
Alter paratus sanguinem profendere
In campo eodem.

Si resurrectura sit
 Italia, sacros inter hymnos concinat
 Te, Balbe, filiosque tam dignos patre.

IN ÆDE.

Si pii estis, O cives, nolite prolixis inscriptionibus
hanc ædem temerare; ita morbum vestrum
tetrimum, *verborum diarrhæam*, curet
omnipotens Deus.

Gens nunquam priùs omnis est precata
Pro salute vivi unius, precatur
Nunc simul, Garibalde, et audiunt Dii
“Hæc vera est pietas,” Deûm supremus
Inquit, “salvus erit, diuque vivet.”

Canem amicum suum egregiè cordatum,
qui appellatus fuit Pomerò,
Savagius Landor infra sepelivit.

AD ITALIAM.

Sperâsti incertam tibi conciliare sororem . .
En ! tibi juncta novis Gallia compedibus.

Scandere qui violata diu Capitolia tendis
Siste pedem ; haud iterum diripienda vides.
Mox poteris Italos Gallis haud esse minores
Scire, nec apricos repere semper humi.

Obtecta abietibus, super saburram,
Innixa in cubitum puella sedit,
Expectans juvenem : quis ille ? nomen
Musa me jubet et Pudor tacere.
Hunc vidit, nisi fallor, at videre
Quemquam dissimulavit, extulitque
Crura longius ut sopore vincta.
Dixerunt veterum molestiores
Scitas fallere vel catos puellas.
Ut quandoque necesse fit, supina

Atque immobilis osculum ferebat.
 Duplex forsitan aut triplex misella.
 Surgens, nec subito, increpare cœpit,
 Dirum nescio quid viro minata
 Qui tantum scelus ausus est patrare.
 Verum omnes veniam dabunt pudicæ
 Delictis gravioribus precanti,
 Si rite, ut voluere dii, precatur.

GARIBALDI ADVENTUS AD
 NOVUMCOMUM.

Lari ! nunc jubeo tuas avere
 Nymphas, et calathis referre plenis
 Laurum, si superest, duci Italorum.
 Alpinæ rosea manu puellæ
 Carpserunt thyma, quæ capræ negârunt
 Atque hædo (doleat licet) tenello.
 Rarus flos manet integer prope oram
 Benaci, redolent viæ resectis,
 Ergo currite et obviam itie, Nymphæ,
 Tam bellas pudet esse tardiores.

Nullus amicorum superest mihi, forsitan unus
 Aut alter vellet jam meminisse mei.
 Illos in gremium maternum Terra recepit;
 Heu quoties dixi *Sum quoque, Terra, tuus.*
 Invidiam nunquam sensi priùs, 'ergone venit
 Innocuo, tangens dura senile caput?
 Non ego cuncta velim credas mihi; credere noli
 Qui lætare hodie cras doliturus, eris.
 Vix audit strepitum velox Fortuna rotarum
 Queis vehitur, subter florea sarta cadunt.
 Meta prope est, sed et est obscuraque nudaque
 meta,
 Et calcata nimis palluit herba diu.

Vox audita fuit, sed vox fuit ista poetæ,
 "*Majestas et Amor non bene conveniunt.*"
 Indignatus Amor verba execranda refellit,
 Sceptraque gesturis adstitit æquus Hymen.
 "Vivite felices" inquit "memoresque parentum,
 Clarius exemplar Terra dedisse negat."
 Desuper intuitu grassantem avertere Martem
 Tu potes, aretoi stella serena maris!

In te solliciti convertunt ora Britanni,
 Deque tuâ jactat gens oriunda domo.
 Lumine pernoctes quo nunc spectaris eodem,
 Et seram inficiant nubila nulla diem !

Regibus est fatuos populis imponere reges,
 Est populis fatuos pellere ; fugit Otho :
 Germanis solidam dedit esurientibus escam,
 Interea periit Attica turba fame.
 Plurima gens vincta est neque rumpere vincula
 certat,
 Græcia sublimi stat capite inter avos :
 Jamque diem festum properat celebrare Decem-
 bris.
 Harmodiosque iterum voce sonante loqui.
 Non deerit melior myrtus nectenda puellæ,
 Nec deerit calvo mitis oliva seni.

Nunquam relinquens in Superis locum,
 Mortalibus Spes invigilat pia
 Queis perstiterunt fortitudo
 Corporis atque animi viriles.

Tu nec fuisti languidus otio
Nec marte iniquo, Sarmata, frangeris,
Ergo resurget Cosciusco
Protinus, omine faustiore.

Certaminum olim Gloria constitit
Comes tuorum : non sine carmine
Ibas triumphali ; canendum
Est aliud, reticente nostro.

Sonabit illud clarius, altius,
Dum tardioris vulnere militis
Plaudentibus circa propinquis
Firmat amata pedem puella.


Consedere duo vir et puella,
Alter alterius manum tenebat.
His erat solitum vocare ab altâ
Turri, quæ super imminet, columbam,
Et panis dare ferculum minuti.
Obstipo capite et vafbris ocellis,
Cursitans propius remotiusque,
Leni murmure, dein gravi, minatur

Quassis haud semel avolare pennis
Si nil adjiceretur inquietæ
Ob jejunia post-meridiana.

Non uni tibi (ne querare!) dixit
Matris esurientium misertus
Qui diu extulerint aperta rostra,
Est spes irrita mæstaque, O columba!
Et, me si dubitas, roga adsidentem.

PETENTI VERSUS LATINOS.

Ramos vetustos scandere roboris
Periculosum est, nec minùs aggredi
Sedes poetarum priorum
Qui Latii coluere campos.



Id ausus olim, nunc peragro loca
Dilecta frustrâ, laurus ibi aruit
Et myrtus, at frondem recentem
Accipies humilis myricæ.

Reges deorum non timent tonitrua
Neque alteras cæli minas ;
Iidem popelli vocibus frementibus
Humi reformidant sonum,
Pūque devenere et inflexo genu
Orant sacerdotum preces.

Unam surriperem mediâ de valle rosarum,
Tuque mihi hanc unam dura puella negas.
Vivere amem nisi quidam alius donatus haberet,
Huic nimis esse nequis prompta negare . . nega.

Jamque duos animis fortes validosque juventâ
Abripuit nostra mors violenta domo.
Pro patriâ si dulce fuit deponere vitam,
Nonne esset satius vivere pro patriâ?
Exardens lacrymas si gloria siccât amicis,
Funera cuncta dolent, funera, sera minus.

Jucundum est laudare bonos, laudare potentes
Utile, sed quiddam est utilitate prius.
Dii dent quem venerer quanquam procul absit ut
ipsi,
Non nihil est tales cui sit amare datum.

INSERTIONS.

Page 2, after the 3rd verse, insert :

HOMER.

He rests, and to the many toils endur'd
There was not added the worse weight of age.

†

LAERTES.

He would be growing old had he remain'd
Until this day, tho' scarcely three-score years
Had he completed ; old I seem'd to him
For youth is fanciful, yet here am I,
Stout, a full twenty summers after him :
But one of the three sisters snapt that thread
Which was the shortest, and my boy went down
When no light shines upon the dreary way.

ii.

Page 21, after the 10th verse insert :

I thought I heard a Triton's shell, a song
Of sylvian Nymph, and laughter from behind
Trees not too close for voices to come thro',
Or beauty, if Nymph will'd it, to be seen ;
And then a graver and a grander sound
Came from the sky, and last a long applause.

Page 22, between the 5th and 6th verse, insert :

HOMER.

Dreams are among the blessings Heaven bestows
On weary mortals ; nor are they least
Altho' they disappoint us and are gone
When we awake ! 'Tis pleasant to have caught
The clap of hands below us from the many,
Amid the kisses of the envious few.
There is a pride thou knowest not, Laertes,
In carrying the best strung and loudest harp.

LAERTES.

Apollo, &c.

Page 27th, after the 15th verse, insert:

Alas, Mœonides, the weakest find
 Strength enough to inflict deep injuries.
 Much have I borne, but 'twas from those below ;
 Thou knowest not the gross indignities
 From goat-herd and from swine-herd I endur'd
 When my Odysseus had gone far away ;
 How they consumed my substance, how the proud
 Divided my fat kine in this my house,
 And wooed before mine eyes Penelope,
 Reluctant and absconding til return'd
 Her lawful lord, true, chaste, as she herself.

HOMER.

I know it, and remotest men shall know.
 If we must suffer wrong, 'tis from the vile
 The least intolerable.

LAERTES.

True, my son
 Avenged me : more than one God aided him,
 But one above the rest ; the Deity
 Of wisdom, stronger even than him of war,

iv.

Guided the wanderer back, and gave the arms
And will and prowess to subdue our foes,
And their own dogs lapt up the lustful blood
Of the proud suitors. Sweet, sweet is revenge ;
Her very shadow, running on before,
Quickens our pace until we hold her fast.

HOMER.

Rather would I sit quiet than pursue.

LAERTES.

Now art thou, &c.

Page 66, after verse 2, insert :

Her dogmatists would narrow our Elysion,
And would extend the realm of Tartaros
And dam up Phlegethon to overflowing.

